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LORD ROBERT CECIL is coming to the United States, and will speak in behalf of the League of Nations. Lord Robert is of that curious race which only Britain seems to produce, the broad-minded Tory. His fight at the League assemblies for a liberalizing of the League, for disarmament, has been the redeeming feature of those rather futile sessions. In the past three years he has powerfully insisted in Parliament that international questions should be referred to the League rather than settled on purely national lines. But when his own party came into power he forgot his principles. When the Liberals the other day proposed that the Council of the League be asked to appoint a commission of experts to report upon Germany's capacity to pay and upon the best methods of payment—a proposal which Lord Robert had previously advocated—he turned his back upon his principles and voted, as Mr. Lloyd George put it, "against referring the one question above all others that disturbs the peace of Europe" to the League. Lord Cecil would not vote against his party, or run the risk of helping bring in a party committed to the "impossible" principle of rewriting the Treaty of Versailles. A number of members of his own organization felt compelled to issue a statement declaring that "they were dismayed to see the chairman of the executive committee of the League of Nations Union, who has done such splendid service to the cause, fail when the time came and support a party rather than seize a great opportunity of giving effect to the principles which we believe he has at heart." Yet he is coming here to urge us to join the organization which he sets beneath his British party.

THREE smashing defeats of cabinet ministers in one week is a terrific blow at the prestige of the Bonar Law Government. "No British Government in a century has suffered such disaster within a few months of taking office," says the London correspondent of the *World*. It is the custom in England, when the Government wishes to name a minister who has no seat in Parliament, for a safely elected nonentity to resign, thus giving the would-be minister an easy chance. The resigning nonentity is usually rewarded with a peerage. Five of the Bonar Law Cabinet were left without seats after the November elections; only one has yet been able to win an election. The last seat contested was in staunch old Conservative Liverpool, where the most enthusiastic Labor Party men hardly dared hope to elect their policeman-candidate. Yet a 4,600 Tory majority was turned into a 1,050 Labor margin. Dissatisfaction with the Government's aloofness in the Ruhr played a part, particularly in the defeat of Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen in Mitcham, but the main issue was the Government policy of "decontrol" of rents. War-time rent restrictions are still in vogue in England, and even middle-class voters flocked to the Labor Party when it became clear that the Government policy might mean a doubling and tripling of rents or dispossession. The loss of three seats does not, of course, endanger Bonar Law's tidy majority in Parliament, but when the three seats are old Conservative strongholds the revulsion of the voters is a loud warning.

TWO French soldiers found dead, with bullets in their backs; two German suspects shot dead "while attempting to escape"; five more Germans killed when French soldiers fired into a hostile crowd, and another German shot dead in a neighboring town—this news of a single day, two months after the French entered the Ruhr, is likely to become typical. It is the natural harvest of military invasion. A British summary six weeks ago reported a total of five hundred Germans expelled by the French, three hundred arrested, nine civilians killed, and thirteen wounded, in addition to hundreds of millions of marks stolen from banks, railroad stations, municipal treasuries, private individuals, and even from poor relief funds. The list will grow. How could it be otherwise when French leaders talk the bloody language of General Degoutte, War Minister Maginot, and Prime Minister Poincaré? General Degoutte, who a few days ago taunted the Germans as cowards because they did not fight, now gloats. Minister Maginot, hearing of the French soldiers found dead (the Germans accuse Belgian troops of the deed) declares, without investigating, "We should be justified in taking pitiless reprisals"—and within six hours eight Germans are shot dead. Poincaré announces that the French deaths shall be revenged, and sends 20,000

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more troops into the territory which was to be controlled by "a mission of technical engineers, with a few soldiers." The French utterances are, as Lloyd George (who seems to have turned state's evidence) puts it, "the ravings of brains intoxicated with an unwholesome mixture of hatred, greed, and military arrogance." The situation is as in August, 1914, but the world seems to have forgotten indignation.

"TURKS Grow Bumptious—Radical Demands Cause Concern Among Allied Officials"—such are the headlines put by an unimaginative copyreader in the office of the New York *World* over the regular weekly announcement from London. The Turks have been growing bumptious, and the Allied officials have been feeling concern, ever since the decorous diplomats dipped their pens in the ink-well and solemnly signed the impossible Treaty of Sèvres three years ago. Lord Curzon thumped the table at Lausanne and delivered daily ultimatums in the name of the highest moral principles, and the product was just one more draft treaty and one final footless ultimatum. The Turks were to sign on the dotted line. Now the Turks have carefully weighed Lord Curzon's treaty and report that they find it wanting; they have therefore edited it phrase by phrase, and presented a counter-draft. That is the latest "bumptiousness" which "concerns" the Allied officials. The Turks want none of the capitulations, and while they will permit schools and other charitable institutions which conduct no anti-Turkish propaganda, and will admit a mild degree of foreign aid in administering justice in Smyrna and Constantinople, they take a leaf from the Allies' own notebook and propose postponing payments on the Turkish debt for twenty years. If the Allies will not agree to their new economic clauses they offer to sign the rest of the treaty and let the disputed clauses wait until everybody calms down. That seems to us rare good sense.

IT is fortunate that England and the United States have, in the course of the past century, become habituated to mutual abuse; otherwise the recent squabbles of Colonel Harvey, Lord Balfour, and Mr. Hughes might be taken seriously. It was certainly an impertinent bit of roostering for Colonel Harvey to demand, immediately after signature of the debt agreement, that Great Britain formally disavow a passage in the Balfour note of last August. Secretary Mellon had stated the American view at the time, and there was no need of Harveyesque ultimatums to set the record straight. It was a pity that Lord Balfour dignified our diplomatic harlequin by stubbornly replying to him in the House of Lords. In a time of international friction such passages-at-arms might be dangerous, as might the incident about the Newcastle-on-Tyne consulate. In that case the British Government, after investigation, concluded that our consuls had unfairly favored American shipping, and asked that they be relieved; Mr. Hughes, after another investigation, concluded otherwise, and closed the consulate. Both parties to the dispute stand stoutly on their own view of the facts—and Newcastle shippers pay the price. If either had a little common sense the question of fact would amicably be referred to neutral decision.

MOST railroad executives are notoriously hard of hearing when appeals from the public or attacks by their employees are hurled at them; "The Public be Damned" is their motto, and they live up to it. Whether their deafness prevents them equally from hearing the pointed and sharp-edged remarks of the chief executive of the United States remains to be seen. President Harding spoke almost his first clear-cut public words when he said in a recent open letter to the secretary of the Federated Shopcrafts of the Jersey Central Railroad that he could see no "adequate question of principle" which could justify a minority of the roads "in refusing to make settlements similar to those which have been made by the majority." And he blamed this minority for the interrupted coal deliveries which have afflicted large parts of the country. Meanwhile the Department of Labor, to which the recalcitrant executives do not listen, has admitted that large numbers of aliens have been illegally smuggled into the country and put to work in railroad yards, and the Interstate Commerce Commission's bureau of locomotive inspection has revealed the fact that for the period from July 1 to December 31 deaths from accidents due to defective equipment increased 180 per cent over the number for the previous six months, while the number injured for similar causes increased 100 per cent. Some fifteen hundred less locomotives were inspected during the last six months than during the preceding six, but 4,596 more locomotives were found to be defective. How long will it be profitable for the railroads to ignore their workers, the public, the President—and facts like these?

WHEN Senator Lodge, in semi-official vein, declared that the acknowledged policy of the Soviet Government never to observe treaties with capitalist states made it impossible for the United States to recognize Russia, he brought down upon his head just what his ignorance deserved. Chicherin's answer was in effect a diplomatic note. In it he said:

> Soviet Russia never declared that it would not recognize any treaty with capitalist countries. Soviet Russia is strictly observing all agreements undertaken by it since the revolution. One of the principal reasons we did not consent to enter into the agreement proposed by Lloyd George at Genoa was the fact that we would not have been in a position to fulfil the obligation imposed by that agreement. We never undertake obligations which we cannot fulfil.

Now Mr. Hughes has himself issued a pronouncement in answer to Chicherin, but he chooses the way of caution by forgetting that Senator Lodge had ever accused Russia of treaty-breaking and that Chicherin had denied it, and contents himself with refusing recognition to the Soviet Government on a new ground, namely that Russia has not paid its debt to the United States—a debt, he points out, incurred not by the Czar, but by the "revolutionary" regime of Mr. Miliukov. We hope that the hard logic of Mr. Hughes's position will not lead him to break off diplomatic relations with any of our late Allies.

THE Ku Klux Klan is marching on. This is a fortnight's collection of reports reaching this office: *El Paso*—H. E. Gardner stood as candidate for mayor on a Ku Klux ticket. His robed brethren staged a campaign parade in his honor. *East St. Louis*—The Klan put up municipal candidates pledged "to support only Klansmen and Protestants for office, to appoint only a Protestant chief of police, and not to make any appointments before submitting them to a Klan committee." Benjamin Morrow's life was threatened after he admitted being paid by the Klan to distribute anonymous campaign literature; he stated in an affidavit

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that Klansmen there are prepared to assemble fully armed at a given signal. *Pawnee, Okla.*—The grand jury investigating activities of masked bands, in which one man was killed, reported that the inquiry was obstructed by the Klan secrecy oath. *Topeka, Kans.*—The former chief of police, Guy Swallow, and H. H. Kitchen, a Klan organizer, were held in contempt of court for refusal to take oath as witnesses at a Ku Klux Klan ouster suit hearing. *Raleigh, N. C.*—The State Senate, amid cheers from the crowded galleries, passed an innocuous bill allowing appearance in masks for "charitable" purposes and refused to pass a bill aimed to strip secrecy from Klan membership. *Albany, N. Y.*—Following introduction of an anti-Klan bill, legislators received a flood of anonymous letters denouncing "Jesuit schemes for the mastery of America" and the "notoriously lawless Jew." *Caruthersville, Mo.*—Two thousand Negro workers were driven from the cotton fields by hooded bands. *Portland, Ore.*—The governor and the mayor were speakers at a banquet given by the local Klan. *Mer Rouge*—Six Klansmen are on the grand jury investigating murders attributed to the Klan.

A WHIRL of discussion surrounds the questions of women and marriage and the home and divorce and wage-earning and morals. In Italy, in Cuba, in Japan, in these United States, in England, these subjects are being discussed with the ardor that only they can arouse. Mr. George W. Wickersham, for example, thinks it a "glory"—no mere mild convenience—for women to take their husbands' names. Members of the Women's Party in New York State (who have gone so far to the Left that they have completely circumnavigated the globe of social opinion and fallen into the arms of the extreme Right of the employer's associations) think it a shame for women to accept industrial safeguards which do not apply equally to men, but in Cuba women want political and civic equality, and the program of the Cuban National Federation of Feminine Associations lists as its tenth demand "Farm classes for women and means of instilling a love for flowers and the beautifying of homes." Mussolini is holding out against woman suffrage, while in Hungary the young "Awakening Magyars," spiritual brothers of the Fascisti, literally and physically kicked down the university stairs a young woman who had been admitted to the medical school. We suspect that these are among the minor engagements of a world war as important as the last—if less bloody.

VALUABLE figures come to us from Yale University as to the business of intercollegiate football. Receipts from the various games totaled $525,159.73. After deducting the gate receipts of the visiting teams—$172,932.35, and expenses—no less than $110,520.41, there remained the tidy sum of $235,777.87. After deducting the deficits of the other sports, $47,717 for the crew, $35,000 for the track team, $5,000 for the hockey team, etc., the surplus for the entire year was still $68,279, which, as the Boston *Globe* sapiently remarks, "shows that athletics at Yale are on a firm financial basis." But are they on a sound moral basis? That is, does it comport well with the efforts of the University to place all the emphasis on learning that the undergraduates should be piling up such sums for what ought to be purely academic contests? Of course, Yale is not alone in this. The situation at Harvard and the middle western colleges is the same, and now Columbia, by hiring Percy Haughton as head coach, is evidently preparing to enter the great business of intercollegiate football competition. Even in the smaller institutions football counts with a vengeance. Last fall Dr. Archibald A. Johnston, president of Geneva College, and a professor were forced to resign because the football team had won only two games on the schedule. Admirable spirit! If in football you don't succeed, why, try another college president at once.

AT a banquet which marked the fourth anniversary of its founding the Theater Guild announced its project of building or acquiring an adequate theater of its own. Friends and admirers of the Guild have long regretted the necessity which forced it to pay the excessive rentals of up-town houses and so divert to the theatrical real-estate operators large sums which, in the hands of the Guild, would have been the source of new and beautiful productions. Anyone acquainted with the rental situation in the American theater will see at once that the Guild, by paying in place of rentals the interest on the bond issue of $500,000 needed to build or buy a theater, will at once be relieved of heavy financial burdens. By having a house of adequate seating capacity, moreover, the number of subscribers can be greatly increased, productions can be kept at home, and a highly trained stock company can be gradually built up. It is not a little gratifying to reflect that an organization, never inspired by anything but its own highest vision of its particular task, has been able to attain so substantial a practical success and so definite and permanent a place in our cultural life. But the Guild needs the opportunity for expansion and should be helped to it.

THE late Charles Dyer Norton achieved extraordinary business success early in life, but never permitted this achievement to tarnish his rare civic ideals or to absorb him to such an extent that he did not have an amazing amount of time for voluntary public service. When he became Assistant Secretary of the Treasury he gave up a large income to serve the Government at $4,500 a year; later he became secretary to President Taft, which difficult office he carried on as a business man and not as a politician, something novel and refreshing. When he turned to the New York financial world and rose with remarkable rapidity, aided by a most unusual personality, it seemed as if his desire to serve the public grew with each personal success. So he labored and wrought for the American Academy at Rome, the Red Cross, the Russell Sage Foundation, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and for the Institute of Government Research, and many other public-spirited enterprises. To the *Survey* he was for years an appreciative and helpful friend. But his rarely constructive mind, with its far-sighted vision, busied itself with greatest pleasure with projects for the future development of Chicago and New York. To his enthusiasm and inspiration Chicago owes in vital measure its Burnham plan, which looks a hundred years ahead, and to him belongs certainly a large share of the credit for the initiation of that wise project of the Russell Sage Foundation for a city plan for New York, to which we have twice drawn attention—it has recently published an admirable preliminary report. *Noblesse oblige.* Mr. Norton lived up to it. The present organization of society gave him rare opportunities for his talents, and the richest rewards. He recognized and honored, as too few powerful business men do, the resultant obligation of social and civic service.

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Should Labor Unions Be Regulated?

THE Lockwood Committee, which probed into the building industry in New York State last year, and its energetic counsel, Mr. Samuel Untermyer, unearthed scandalous union practices in the building trades and elsewhere. Brindell, who is now in Sing Sing prison, and a whole group of extortionists were permitted to flourish, although their activities were doubtless unknown to most of the rank and file. The power to discipline members was unquestionably, at times, carried to an unfortunate extreme. Limitation of union membership was abused. Mr. Untermyer reports, for example, that of the 12,000 inside electrical workers in New York City only 3,800 are permitted to join the union and that the non-union electrician must buy a permit card from the union before he can go to work.

Moreover, the coercive power of the unions has been exercised upon the building contractors as well. The lathers' union will not let a building contractor change his lather sub-contractor. The plasterers will not permit the hiring of a new plasterer contractor if the first one fails, but insist upon finishing the work themselves under a union foreman at day's work rates. This same union has at times insisted upon putting three coats of plaster into a building against the wishes of the contractor and owner and in spite of the fact that the public authorities require only two. The concrete-mixers and others have enforced fines against contractors for adopting money- and labor-saving machinery and processes. The whole Hell Gate power-house job, Mr. Untermyer charges, was held up for seven months, and one of the contractors was ruined, because of a jurisdictional dispute between the plumbers and the steamfitters about who should instal some fifteen hundred dollars' worth of pipe. It is clear that practices of this sort are harmful to the public and that they reveal an abuse of power. The ready answer to them, of course, is to pass a law to prohibit them. Mr. Untermyer has proposed such a bill and the Lockwood Committee has introduced it in the New York Legislature.

The bill begins with resounding declarations "in recognition of the dignity of labor," but these, when examined carefully, do not add anything to the existing position of labor unions before the law. Then follows the prohibition of a list of fourteen labor-union practices, including limitation of the number of members and their expulsion, enforcement of fines against employers, resistance to the introduction of labor-saving machinery and methods, and preferment of union-shop employers, and ending with the prohibition of any act which in the judgment of a Commission of Trade and Commerce to be created works "a substantial injustice." Labor unions are required to file copies of their constitutions and rules and regulations, and thereafter can operate only under a certificate of approval from the commission, which is authorized to hear and determine complaints against them and to remedy abuses either by injunction or by revocation of the certificate of approval.

At first blush it does not appear to be unreasonable that labor unions should thus be subject to public supervision and regulation. The abuses which have been revealed are real, and grave, and it seems proper to prohibit them and to take measures to prevent the growth of similar ones. Yet before the Legislature passes the Lockwood bill, it would do well to stop, look, and listen.

The position of the labor union in modern industrial society is as yet in the process of definition. It is an association formed for the purpose of selling the services of its members at the most advantageous price obtainable. That purpose is recognized as lawful, but the question of what methods of bargaining can be used in achieving it is still far from settled. Some unions, in their rough-and-tumble struggle with their employers, have used their quasi-monopolistic control of their members' services to develop certain methods of bargaining which partake more of the nature of naked power than of decision by conference. These methods their employers have been unable to attack successfully. The Lockwood Committee now desires to destroy these advantages which the unions have captured. It seeks to declare that certain methods of bargaining shall be unlawful, but it does not undertake to clear up the uncertainty of the labor union's status nor to give legislative sanction to any particular methods of collective action. It says to the unions: "Some of your weapons are so dangerous to the public that we forbid you to use them," but it does not tell the unions what weapons, other than the strike, they may lawfully use.

Moreover, the bill makes no attempt to disarm the employers at the same time. It forbids a union, for instance, to treat union-shop employers preferentially, but it does not forbid an open-shop employer to discriminate against a union man. Indeed if it did it would violate the Federal Constitution, as the Supreme Court has decided. The bill requires the union member to give up a valuable right, in throwing open union membership to all comers, but it does not require employers' associations to do the same. And what would become of some employers' associations if they could not exclude from their benefits those who refuse to run closed non-union shops? It forbids the unions to resist the introduction of labor-saving machinery and processes, but it does not require the employer to introduce these improvements in such a way as to eliminate serious hardship to the men displaced thereby. It forbids the union to limit output so as to make more work, but it does not forbid the individual employer to limit output to keep prices up, even if he throws many of his men out of work in the process.

The subject, in fact, is not so simple as appears on the surface. That some labor unions have developed methods which are wasteful and harmful to the public is, we repeat, obvious. That some cure for such a situation is needed is too clear for argument. Moreover, Mr. Gompers's statement, that we must wait for time to teach the unions themselves the error of their ways, is far from adequate. Something more immediate is needed, but if that something is to be in fact a discrimination against labor unions, if it makes their members feel that the public is disarming them while leaving their antagonists fully armed, then it will do far more harm than the evils which it seeks to correct. That, we are convinced, would be the effect of the Lockwood bill. What is needed in place of it is a comprehensive industrial disputes act, defining what each party to the struggle may and may not do and providing machinery to facilitate wage agreements entered into by the contesting parties as self-respecting equals. England has shown that such an act is workable, although many features of the English act would be impossible under the Supreme Court's interpretation of our Constitution. Lopping off abuses here and there will never solve the problem. It must be attacked as a whole.

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Mr. Hoover Stabs Russia

IT was about this time last year that Mr. Hoover's relief administration began broadcasting reports that the famine in Russia was at an end. These reports were mistaken, but they almost stopped receipts of the independent relief agencies. This year, just after the report of Messrs. Burns, Wardwell, and Taylor of the National Information Bureau, just when the Friends, the Children's Committee, and other organizations are beginning drives, Mr. Hoover again announces that there is no more famine. He and his associates have also made pronouncements about Russian grain exports, indicating that they made relief work almost impossible, and has given out statements about a lack of cooperation by the Russians with the Hoover agents. The effect obviously will be the same as last year—to check American giving to independent Russian relief organizations, leaving Mr. Hoover alone in the field.

The Nation has come into possession of the original texts of some recent cables from Colonel Haskell, Mr. Hoover's chief representative in Moscow, which Mr. Hoover has either not seen fit to publish at all, or has published in curiously edited versions. The following unpublished cable bears upon the matter of soviet cooperation:

RECEIVED NEWYORK MARCH 8, 1923 4:42 AM
M P MUU K 378 LONDON 85 FST SHEET 50 LCO AMREFA NYK MOSLOYORK 162 TUESDAY HASKELL TO BROWN TUESDAY MUCH BETTER UNDERSTANDING NOW WITH GOVERNMENT ON ALL QUESTIONS AFFECTING ARA OPERATIONS. CLOSER AND FRIENDLIER COOPERATION. EVERY REASON FEEL RIGA AGREEMENT WILL BE FULLY MET BY SOVIETS WHOSE DIFFICULTIES ARE REAL. CONFERENCES WITH RADEK LITVINOV KRASSIN KALININ AND KAMENEV INDICATE THEIR SINCERE DESIRE ASSIST US. ALL EXPRESS APPRECIATION ARA WORK AND PROMISE US FRIENDLY AND EFFECTIVE COOPERATION AS LONG AS WE MAY BE IN RUSSIA. AMRELIEFA

More important than this, however, is the cable released by Mr. Hoover on March 8, announcing that the famine need was met. Careful newspaper readers may have noted a discrepancy between the summary of this cable given out by Colonel Haskell in Moscow and the text as published in New York. Mr. Hoover, in giving this cable to the public, omitted two very interesting paragraphs. The statement given to the press by his publicity bureau announced receipt of the following "cable from Colonel Haskell which he states was submitted to and approved by Leo Kamenev, vice president of the Russian Government":

First, the present program of the American Relief Administration combined with Soviet Government relief measures is sufficient to prevent starvation and care for sick until harvest which promises well.

Second, cereals so ridiculously cheap Russian farmers cannot purchase necessities which in turn throttles existing Russian industry. I fear farmers will lose incentive increase areas planted. We hear of no starvation Russia and *while undernourishment general especially among children believe not over one million all Russia would starve even if all foreign relief stopped today.* [Italics ours.] Conditions immeasurably better now than anticipated last fall. Burns report published *Times* paints picture too black insofar food situation concerned. Relations here satisfactory and no requests have been received for increased food program.

Third, what Russia now needs is money or credit against which it can purchase necessities, rehabilitate agriculture, transportation, vital industries, medical institutions on permanent basis, and destroy ravages pests in agricultural areas.

Thus far the published version is authentic and complete, except for omission of a phrase "Now too late even if funds were in hand to purchase ship and distribute in time have any effect prior harvest." The publicity bureau added a sentence which, although not clearly so indicated, was Mr. Hoover's: "Economic reconstruction is outside the province of the A.R.A., which is purely an emergency charitable organization for amelioration of famine conditions." Colonel Haskell's cable, however, included these additional paragraphs, which Mr. Hoover suppressed:

Fourth, realize reconstruction outside province A.R.A. but we should give public correct situation so any assistance can hereafter be directed proper purposes.

Fifth, *decision soviets export grain based effort accomplish above, but upbuilding without foreign financial help slow and ineffective and sure entail misery and suffering by millions over long period years.*

Sixth, Kamenev has read above and concurs.

Thus Colonel Haskell's cable was in effect an appeal to America to help Russia in that economic reconstruction which is the only permanent preventive of famine; it asserted that the grain exports, which have been used as part of the anti-Russian propaganda in this country, were a proper part of this effort to upbuild. Mr. Hoover omitted the justification of the grain exports, and published the cable in a form in which its chief effect would be to discourage further relief. We will not attempt to characterize Mr. Hoover's action. We can only express the hope that, despite suppression of the most important part of Colonel Haskell's cable, Mr. Hoover will stop talking of grain exports as an obstacle to relief and take steps toward obtaining that foreign financial help the lack of which, Colonel Haskell says, will mean "misery and suffering by millions over long period of years."

Conflict

GOOD plays and novels and stories of real experiences that are told one by serious people all center about some conflict among men and women. And the more deeply one searches the clearer grows the fact that all the persons engaged in this conflict are good. None of them are conscious of evil or of a desire for evil. When disaster comes they are all equally astonished and equally sorrowful. Some of them will become self-righteous and thus build a defensive armor about the inner ache. But that is as near villainy as one gets. Consider, from this point of view, the better fiction of the day and hour. There are no villains in it. There are helpless people, perverse people, angry and confused people. There is no Mr. Hyde; not even an Iago. The conflicts, whether in life itself or transferred from life to literature, are none the less harsh and bitter. Men fight and wound and wound themselves for philosophies invented five thousand years ago. They suffer for immemorial fetishes; their hearts bleed for taboos as old as Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb.

Of all the notions that create conflict the most persistent and deadly is that which regards the world of nature and of moral experience as fixed and finished. From it arise all the forces of repression and false authority. The tyranny of parents and teachers which is often so pathetically well meant, the fierce torments endured and inflicted by jealous people, both arise from this frantic clutch of the mind on the notion that things must not change, shall not change, that life and nature are frozen into patterns that

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endure. It is not surprising that it should be so. In the total life of man the heliocentric theory is of yesterday, the theory of evolution almost of today. What power has the average man's superficial assent to these cold and alien theories against the fierce emotional certainties distilled into his very blood from a thousand ancestors? His mind may have its moments of clarity. At the urgency of any passion—love, fear, jealousy, patriotism—these foreign laws of some scientist's making are swept away. Our man at once becomes at one with his remotest ancestors and fights without relenting for a world in which children must obey, love must not change, impossible pledges must be self-perpetuating, and his country, right or wrong, must be victorious upon bloody fields.

When we leave the average and enter the society of thoughtful and instructed people we still find that perpetual conflict. Here there is often vision; rarely is there any power. Men and women who, in their intellectual tasks, assume instinctively the dynamic character of the universe, of life and experience as synonymous with growth, change, decay, will, in any matter that affects the personal life, cling emotionally to that ancestral picture of a static world. Cultivated women will insist that emotional change is crime; enlightened parents will attempt to bend the unbendable will of the generation to come; statesmen will insist that to question the acts of their forerunners is treason. In brief, our emotions embrace one theory and one vision of things, our minds another. Action lags a thousand years behind thought; we are civilized only from the neck up. We use science for destruction, not for liberation; we know that the lightning is not the thunderbolt of Zeus, but our emotional reactions and actions in the conduct of life are generally those of the trembling barbarian who sacrifices a sheep to avert the anger of his god. What is needed to make life more peaceful and more honorable is a reeducation of the emotions, an effort to bring the emotional life in harmony with the life of the mind. Conflict will soften and moral suffering will grow less acute as our hearts and minds draw nearer to each other across the gulf of the ages. Our great hope is that they may some day be contemporaries.

Bombs for Babies

IN common with other savage tribes—the British, for example—the hill people of the Indian borders and Mesopotamia exhibit a reactionary attitude toward certain modern inventions. They are conservative by nature and tradition. We all recall without difficulty the indignation exhibited by the people of Britain when during the Great War the Germans bombed men and women and babies in their beds in the unprotected towns of the midlands. Slow to appreciate the marvelous strides of modern science the British inveighed and expostulated and exploded. Quaintly, they contended that it was uncivilized to drop bombs into the homes of unsuspecting noncombatants.

And now, during the Great Peace, the same sort of primitive conservatism is lifting its head in Mesopotamia and India. This time it is British airmen who are dropping the bombs and near-Eastern tribesmen who are objecting. It must be said in favor of the latter that their protests are far more temperate and reasoned than were those of the British. They are willing to parley and they believe in compromise. A handful of bombs are probably better than the alternative—paying taxes—they argue; and they are willing to leave a few minor inhabitants and mothers-in-law and mud houses around for the airmen to aim at; but they want time to remove their sheep and goats and wives to a reasonable distance. When this is impossible they grow impatient. Recently, after an efficient bombing raid in Mesopotamia, a sheik wrote to the British adviser: "You have killed one wife and spoiled another, and I do not desire this sort of thing to go on. . . ."

In India, British planes have adopted the habit of dropping bombs wherever any sort of native distemper shows itself. Just recently the Mahsuds—a tribe which has had ascribed to it every sort of cruelty and savagery—was being liberally dosed with British bombs, when one of the bombing planes made a forced landing in the middle of a Mahsud village. The airmen emerged unhurt from the wreckage only to face a committee of five or six old women—who had happened to escape the bombs—brandishing dangerous-looking knives. The visitors were doubtless distressed to think that their mission was so wrongly interpreted but just in the nick of time—let the correspondent of the London *Times* tell it:

> A delightful damsel took the airmen under her wing and led them to a cave close by, and a malik (chieftain) took up his position at the entrance, keeping off the crowd of forty who had gathered round, shouting and waving knives. Bombs were still being dropped from the air, so the crowd, envious of the security of the cave, pressed in stiflingly, and the airmen pushed their way out in the teeth of the hostile demonstration. . . . They were fed and were visited by neighboring maliks, who were most friendly, and by a mullah (priest), who was equally pleasant. Women looked after the feeding arrangements, and supplies from Ladha and Razmak arrived safely. . . . On the evening of the twenty-fourth they were escorted to Ladha, where they arrived at daybreak the next day. The escort disguised their captives as Mahsuds as a precaution against attack. . . . It is significant that the airmen's defenders were first found in the younger generation of both sexes. . . .

Thus it will be seen that a spirit of hospitality, far greater than that which animated the British during the war, is invading the more progressive members of these eastern tribes. We recall no instances of German airmen in the act of dropping bombs on English villages being captured, sheltered and fed, disguised as Tommies, and escorted back to the German lines. There must be some members of the British Parliament who remember these old war-time prejudices; only the other day the bombing policy of the Government was questioned on the floor of the House. Mr. Lambert, a Liberal member, said that he had read in the press that airplanes were actually used to collect taxes in Mesopotamia.

Sir Samuel Hoare, Air Minister, replied: "In no case has there been bombing for the collection of taxes."

Colonel Wedgewood asked: "Is it strictly true that the air force has not been used in any way to punish villages or districts who refused to pay taxes?"

Sir Samuel: "I am almost certain that it is as I stated, but . . . I will get the necessary information."

And to himself Sir Samuel doubtless said: "Good Lord, how absurd! How do I know? We don't bomb them, and when we do they roundly deserve it. These Liberals and Labor men are only trying to embarrass the Government. They'd stop the march of science, they'd throw the air force out of a job, they'd even prevent the collection of taxes, if they could serve their selfish party ends. There is no public spirit or vision left in the world anyway."

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Taxgathering in Mesopotamia

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Is America Anti-Semitic?

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

ANTI-SEMITISM, as it manifests itself in America, is essentially a part of a long Anglo-Saxon tradition of dislike of the newer arrival. Anglo-Saxon Americans have small interest in the "melting-pot" except as a phrase. They do not want to be fused with other races, traditions, and cultures. If they talk of the melting-pot they mean by it a process in which the differences of the immigrant races will be carried away like scum, leaving only the pure ore of their own traits. If they have a little German or Irish or Dutch blood in their veins they admit the possibility of such strains fusing with the Anglo-Saxon, but they exclude the South and East European. If they have no German or Irish or Dutch blood they are doubtful even of them. They consider the American a completed product, perfection already attained, and they resent any racial or cultural group which comes among them and persists in believing that it has something worthy of its own. The young immigrant learns that as his first lesson in America; he rapidly acquires a flashy assimilation to Americanism, and scorns the parents who retain their Old World traits, whose accent is more marked than his own, whose clothes and manners are obviously not American. His name shortens from Rosenheimer to Ross, Malakievicz to Mallen, Buonarotti to Bonner. We despise him for thus aping us—but we accept him and give him opportunities which we denied his parents. The problem of the alien in America acquires double importance because it is not only the problem of the alien but the problem of America, not only the question whether the alien shall be regarded as an outcast, but the question whether America is to be a sort of colonial England, dominated by one blood, tradition, and culture, or a creative experiment where blood, traditions, and cultures mingle, a sort of microcosm of the new world which railroad, airplane, telegraph, and radio are certainly thrusting upon the unwilling peoples.

The Ku Klux Klan is a natural expression of Anglo-Saxon Americanism. It is anti-Catholic, anti-Negro, anti-Jew. It is 100-per-cent white, Gentile, and Protestant. It appeals to the love of secret mummery and to the readiness to resort to violence which run like red threads through the whole history of Anglo-Saxon America. But it is nothing new. Even the Ku Klux Klan of Reconstruction days was not new. The alien and sedition laws of John Adams's days mark the influence in the eighteenth century of what we call Palmerism and Fordism today. We are fond of recalling Baron von Steuben and other European heroes of our Revolution today; but the suspicion of foreigners marked itself very early in our history in the legends of Washington's distrust of these men and of his apocryphal order, "I want none but Americans on guard tonight."

The Know-Nothing movement of the thirties, forties, and fifties of the last century was strikingly like the Ku Klux Klan and the Henry Ford type of anti-Semitism today. There was the same garb of religious prejudice masking what was essentially a resentment of something different—something "foreign." Those were the days when the Irish and the German waves of immigration were rolling into New York and Boston harbors. The Germans were largely Protestant, but their desire to make Sunday a day of pleasure aroused our Puritan ire. The Irish spoke English, but that did not save them. In Massachusetts, Maryland, Kentucky, Alabama, New York—no section has a clean record—the history of those decades is spattered with convent-burnings and even pogroms in which whole Irish quarters were burned and sacked. Our American inventor of the telegraph, Samuel F. B. Morse, gave the anti-Catholic movement its counterpart of the modern Jewish protocols in a series of lurid anti-Catholic pamphlets describing the "foreign conspiracy against the United States." ("Imminent Dangers to the Free Institutions of the United States through Foreign Immigration and the Present State of the Naturalization Laws." By an American, 1835; The Foreign Conspiracy Against the Liberties of the United States, by Brutus, 1835; etc.) Catholic children were not barred from the universities, which were then attended mainly by the sons of professional men, but Catholic children were expelled from Boston schools for refusal to participate in Protestant prayers, and "in many places throughout the North the children of Irish parentage attending the common schools were subjected during these years to various kinds of petty persecution. On the school-grounds they were hooted as Paddies. Textbooks were used to disparage their religion . . . etc."[1] The Know-Nothing Party—so named because its members professed ignorance of its acts as complete as the ignorance today professed by citizens of Mer Rouge, Louisiana, of the deeds of their fellow-Klansmen—sounds strangely familiar to present-day ears. "The party was a vast secret society with ramifications in every State. Secret lodges were instituted everywhere, with passwords and degrees, grips and signs. The initiation was solemn. The candidate who presents himself for admission to the first degree must, with his right hand upon the Holy Bible and the cross, take a solemn oath of secrecy. Then, if he were twenty-one, if he believed in God, if he had been born in the United States, if neither he himself, nor his parents, nor his wife were Roman Catholics, and he had been reared under Protestant influence, he was considered a proper applicant."[2]

It is plain enough that if the Jewish immigration had been appreciable in those days the fervor which was directed against the Germans and the Irish Catholics would have been turned upon the Jews as well. The old Nativist writings have the same ring as the patter of the 100-per-cent Americanizers, the Red-raiders, and the Jew-baiters of today. It was in 1895, before the tide of Jewish immigration was strong, that the historian John Bach McMaster wrote that "It is safe to say that this dread of the naturalized citizen has never been wholly absent from our political life, and that its outbreaks have always followed periods remarkable for the great numbers of newcomers to our shores." The movement may be painful enough to its victims today, but it is far from being as vigorous or effective as this anti-Catholic movement seemed in the fifties. In 1855 the Nativist Party, which had little platform except a twenty-one-year naturalization law and a general Klannish opposition to all "foreigners," elected its candidates for governor in New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode

[1] Desmond, "The Know-Nothing Party." Washington, 1908.
[2] J. F. Rhodes, "History of the United States." II, 53.

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Island, Connecticut, Kentucky, and California, carried the State Legislature in Maryland, and had an impressive vote in Texas, Georgia, Virginia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. In Massachusetts, indeed, it elected not only the governor but the entire upper house and all save three of the lower house of the State Legislature, but its anti-immigrant activities simmered down to the appointment of a committee to investigate the convents of the State, a committee which itself had to be investigated by the next legislature. President Lowell and President Butler are mild compared to what the Irish faced!

Anti-Semitism is of course a recent fact. It had to await the coming of the Jews, and while Spanish Jews came to this country before the Revolution, and German Jews throughout the last half of the last century, the great rush of Jewish immigration came from Russia and began in 1904, about the time of the Kishenev massacre. The children of that Jewish immigration are just coming of age as the present anti-Jewish feeling is reaching its maximum. But I think it is a mistake to seek the origin of this anti-Semitism in Europe. The Nativist spirit of the fifties, which has never died, is naturally directed today against the newer immigrant stocks.

Even today movements closely kin to anti-Semitism can be traced against other groups. Anti-Catholicism is not dead. That early counterpart of the Dearborn *Independent*, the anti-Catholic *Menace*, is still published in Missouri, and in Chicago a placement director found in February, 1922, that while 67 per cent of the offers of jobs specified that Jews were not wanted, 30 per cent also barred Catholics. The Ku Klux Klan is as anti-Catholic as it is anti-Jew or anti-Negro. The freeholders of an old aristocratic part of Brooklyn Heights recently banded together to defend their section from the inroads of the Armenians, who are credited with many of the group characteristics commonly described as Jewish. If the Armenians become more numerous and show the same zeal as the Jews to do whatever is regarded by old-stock Americans as *au fait*, we shall soon see the summer boarding-houses and new real-estate developments setting up the same bars for them as are already set up against the Jews.

Because anti-Semitism is world-wide it is easy to assume that it has the same causes everywhere; but conditions in America are very different from conditions in countries where religion is taught in the schools, where the Jews are virtually all middlemen, where the Ghetto is an abiding-place for generations of the same family. We have Ghettoes in America, but they are changing, and the rise out of them is rapid; the mass of Jews are industrial workers, dominating the textile trades; and the Protestant church is more significant here as a social than as a religious force. While the social life of the Gopher Prairies, Port Royals, and Winesburgs centers about the Protestant church to a degree seldom appreciated, the effect of Protestant religious teaching has been singularly slight. The principle of evolution, for instance, long ago won an overwhelming victory. American anti-Semitism can largely be explained without reference to the religious beliefs of Christians or Jews.

There are, of course, reasons why this general resentment of the foreigner, of the person with a different accent, a different manner or tradition, concentrates upon the Jew. Of all our immigrant groups he is at once the most self-assured and the most eager to get the benefit of all that the Anglo-Saxon has to offer him. No other group flocks to our colleges with the same pathetic thirst for learning. The Russian Jew has an hereditary respect for culture, and he seems also to have a certain intensity which if it is not a racial characteristic is at least a group trait, acquired and transmitted through long centuries of oppression, isolation, and thwarted opportunity. It translates itself into an ambition and a persistence which we Anglo-Saxons hate. It defeats us at our own game. It not only wins scholarships and prizes in the schools and universities; it solves problems, and achieves business success. Sometimes it leads new arrivals to intellectual or financial success before social adjustments have been made—while the voice is still uncouth, the accent strong, and the sense of tact and social relationship still in the stage of the suspicious push-cart peddler. The very rapidity with which the Jew adjusts himself to the primary conditions of life in America is his chief handicap. The very fact that he appreciates the opportunities of America is a cause of prejudice; he sends his children to college a generation or two sooner than other stocks, and as a result there are in fact more dirty Jews and tactless Jews in college than dirty and tactless Italians, Armenians, or Slovaks. Time will solve that; time will, perhaps, assimilate the Jew so completely that he will even lose that passion for learning which he might better teach America than unlearn.

The Jew while accepting what America has to offer him more readily than other stocks, also guards more jealously his own cultural identity. Even the apostate Jew seems to sublimate the sense of membership in the Chosen People into a sense of the intellectual superiority of his race. He still tends to maintain his identity with his fellow-Jews. This sticking-together is also an Irish trait. A newspaper writer in the fifties denounced the Irish as "men who having professed to become Americans by accepting our terms of naturalization do yet, in direct contradiction to their professions, retain their foreign appellation." There was as much prejudice against Irish-Americans then as against German-Americans in the late war. Another writer, however, pointed out that this keeping to themselves was "but natural in view of the contemptuous manner in which the nativist Americans treated them, ridiculing their appearance, their country, and their religion."

To a considerable extent the Irish have solved the difficulty by staying apart. Their political success has masked their social aloofness. They have built up their own schools and their own universities. The Irish Catholic boy, even after two generations, does not flood our old universities because he goes to universities of his own—Fordham, Villa Nova, Holy Cross, Georgetown, the Catholic University of America. The Jew does not want to solve the problem that way. Like the Irishman he retains his belief in his own race, and his interest in a homeland across the sea, but he has also a missionary's zeal to pass on something of his own peculiar virtues, even somewhat to change the present-day America. That we Anglo-Saxons resent. A dozen Anglo-Saxon reviewers singled the passage out for indignant scorn when Ludwig Lewisohn wrote in "Up-Stream," resenting our attempt to change him: "Suppose I intend rather to assimilate America, to mitigate Puritan barbarism by the influence of my spirit and the example of my life? Then a writer declares that I am perverting the national genius. But suppose I am the national genius—Dreiser and Mencken and Francis Hackett and I?" It did not enter their heads that he might be right.

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The problem, of course, is not solved by declaring—even if the demonstration were perfect—that anti-Semitism in America today is a recurrence of an old American trait, one phase of an old dislike of any different people rather than something deep-rooted either in Christian theology or in race characteristics of the Jew. That the Germans of Wisconsin or the Scandinavians of Minnesota have surmounted it does not solve the difficulty of the Jew who has to live his life in an America which does not want him as an office boy or a stenographer, refuses to take him into its homes or summer hotels, and is beginning to bar him from its universities. Our Anglo-Saxon solution is, of course, simple: Be like us. President Lowell justifies the principle of limitation of Jews at Harvard, not by saying that many Jews could not learn at Harvard or that they would interfere with the education of Gentiles, but by insisting that if there are many Jews they will form an unleavened lump, will not be assimilated, "Americanized," conventionalized—molded into Arrow-collar model young men. That is the solution which millions of young Jews are accepting. The younger generation, even on New York's East Side, does not read Jewish-language newspapers; it is losing the idealism, fervor, intensity, that once made the East Side famous; it is making money on Broadway and in the movies. The younger generation is taking Anglo-Saxon names, but the Anglo-Saxons, while flattered and pleased by the progress of Americanization, still resent it.

But the very exigency of our demand for complete "Americanization" produces also a reaction against assimilation. In some Jews it accentuates their Jewishness. They proudly follow the Irish. "For years," they say, "Jewish parents wrestled with fashionable preparatory schools, but though their children's names were filed at birth they were excluded. Hence the rise of Jewish preparatory schools. For years Jewish college boys railed at the 'un-American' fraternities that barred them. Now they form their own, as Jewish men have had to form their own men's clubs in New York. For years Jews protested against the summer hotels and colonies that excluded them; now they have their own. Protest against restriction in the universities will go the same way; why not have our own Jewish university?"[3]

Well, why not? It shocks us, but if we will exclude the non-Anglo-Saxon stocks we must expect them to establish their own institutions. They formed them after, not before, we began discriminating. The choice is not so much one for Jews as for Anglo-Saxons. We are forcing the Jew to choose between assimilation with complete loss of group identity, and the establishment of entirely independent cultural institutions—and we are shoving him more and more toward the latter choice. Either of these solutions is a defeat for our ideal of America. We have never faced the meaning of that ideal. We have talked of the melting-pot but have been unwilling to plunge into it ourselves. If we really want an America that is truly a meeting-place and mingling-place for the cultures of the world the first step must be a change in our Anglo-Saxon attitude. It is not so much anti-Semitism, Christian theology, or Jewish traits that stand in the way as the smug Anglo-Saxon tradition of exclusiveness and self-sufficiency.

[3] Rabbi Louis Newman suggests as part of its Faculty: *Economics:* Taussig, Seligman, Wolman, and Scharfman; *History:* Schapiro; *Philosophy:* Cohen, Kallen, Scheffer, Wolfson, Edman; *Psychology:* Jastrow, Brill; *Science:* Michaelson, Flexner, Steinmetz, Loeb, Lowenstein, Bernstein; *Politics:* Lippmann; *Education:* Goldenwasser, Kandel; *Agriculture:* Lippmann, Jaffe; *Latin:* Deutsch; *Literature:* Lewisohn, Frank, Zeitlin; *Anthropology:* Goldenweiser, Boas; *Law:* Frankfurter, Brandeis, Isaacs; *Business:* Warburg, Baruch; *Medicine:* the Mt. Sinai Hospital Group—an extraordinary list!—L. S. G.

Polka-Dot

By AARON DAVIS

IN the year 1830 Anna Slazak was working on a farm in Elbsteinitz. The fat geese followed her through the house and out again. The cattle looked up from the little stream where they nuzzled the water, hopeful for a lick of salt filched from the kitchen cupboards. The grass was green in the flat meadow lands beyond the gray stone walls and the sun slowly distilled a song and rhythm in the heart of this girl whose people had an ancient heritage of sun and laughter and singing. The tiny room she shared with two other girls was in a stone cottage beyond the stables. Its furniture was scant: a crucifix with traces of its original paint still clinging to the unworn crevices; a few flowers, the brightest of the garden, were there in certain seasons; three piles of straw in three corners and one chair made the total. On pegs in the wall were three dresses, for Sundays and fair-days.

Twenty nights a year a band of gipsies camped by the town. There was music always then—music made of minor chords from a violin; music that took its essence from the loneliness of huge plains and the weird shadows thrown by the evening fire. Then there was dancing of a foot-stamping, hand-on-hips sort, punctuated regularly by the rhythmic beat of a lost tribal tom-tom still retained in the melody of the violin. These nights were the peaks of Anna Slazak's life. To eat was good; to lie in the sun by the sheltered corner of the barn was good; to dance was paradise. She danced whenever she had the minutes and wherever she had the space. In her tiny room as she rose in the morning she danced, and before she lay down at night, much to the light-hearted discomfort of her room-mates, for the dances she knew required latitude, and sometimes in her abandon her flying feet made bruises on the ribs of the laughing girls who lay on the straw and sang her orchestration. As the months passed Anna learned gradually to suit her dancing to the confined walls of her room. The steps that had been long became half-steps and their time quickened to a double beat. Slowly she altered and perfected her dance. There was no conscious effort toward invention, but there was a conscious desire to dance though in a limited space.

One night, it was in the year 1835, the workers on the Elbsteinitz farm were with the latest gipsy camp. Urged on by her friends Anna Slazak leaped to her feet and started her dance. The firelight rose and fell on the circle of dark faces about her. A round moon made silver her dress of linen homespun. In keen contrast to the heavy stamping dance of the evening she seemed to float before them, diaphanous and airy—a twinkling spirit conjured by the magic of moonlight and music and the night. At last she stopped, her hands at her sides and her little breasts rising and falling, while the camp gave their applause and refilled their drinking mugs. One man stepped toward her.

"I am Joseph Neruda. Prague is my home. It is a fine dance, that one of yours. It is better than the waltz. The waltz is too slow. Will you teach me? I should like to dance it with my sweetheart in the little beer-garden behind the city hall. What do you call your dance? The 'pulka'? That means the half-step. It is a good name."

So it was that Joseph Neruda took the first lesson in the polka and carried the dance of Anna Slazak to Prague and the outer world. Even seventy years later children in the

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"select dancing classes" of Newton, Massachusetts, and Hongkong, on Tuesday afternoons breathed relief and gave preparatory pulls at their garters when the teacher started "1, 2 and 3 and 4."

The beer-garden behind the city hall of Prague was known to only a few when Neruda and his sweetheart first danced their new-found steps. The next evening a dozen couples were following their lead, while within a month the dancers of Prague had abandoned the waltz for the fresher goddess of the polka. Advance was made when the great Pergler, the leader of the band of the Prague Sharpshooters (the crack regiment of the bloods), sat himself down one evening for a glass of beer and saw the vivid liveliness of the polka swing before him. Banging his stein on the table he rose and seemed to expand. "I! Even I, will make music for that. It is youth! It is excellent! It is worthy of me." He beckoned to a passing couple. "Come hither, my little ones. Permit me. That last measure. Softly now, softly. Ah, so! That is all? It is a melange. It is nothing. It is everything. Attention now! I go; but tomorrow night I return. My band also. You will have music then to perfect this divinity. Pergler's music!"

In 1839 the band of the Sharpshooters, under the great Pergler, went on tour to Vienna. Mighty Hannibal crossed the Alps to victory. Tours! Austerlitz! Trafalgar! Valley Forge! Puny conquests of provinces and states and a few protesting peoples. But Pergler, following the rosy spirit of Anna Slazak, made conquest of the living world. In Vienna the virus of the polka was swift and sure. One week it had ten feet as slaves; the next ten thousand. Statisticians may figure that rate of progression.

A humble figure next takes the light. Raab, a dancing-master of Prague, traveled to Paris. He was unknown and came from a minor capital of the Continent. Paris was entranced with the slow dreaming qualities of the waltz, and no outsider could break the magic circle of its charm. No matter how excellent his merchandise, proper display space for the offerings could not be found. Raab was ingenious and somewhat patient. Patient, that is, for almost a month. Then he chanced to meet M. Cellarius. He was different. When M. Cellarius danced Paris held its breath and stood on tip-toe. His sleek horses drew his shiny Landau daily through the Bois. Each night some Olympian Café was favored with the ruffled shirt and the varnished boots of his elegance. This artist viewed Raab's discovery and approved. His approval was in enthusiastic French. *Ravissement! Exquise!* were undoubtedly among his exclamations, although they are not so recorded. The following, however, is of record.

In 1840 he appeared at the Odéon and gave Paris its first taste of what was to be its newest delight. The next day a score of the most fashionable salons were begging the honor of his presence. This was the floodtide of the polka. Like a few of the vogues of Paris it started at the top and worked down. Worked? It flew. Within a fortnight Paris was overflowing with the polka madness. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, gave nights to it.

The dainty greenswards of the private gardens and the spacious lawns of the civic parks were floors for the new dance. The boulevards were carnival and the commercial streets of the old city were blocked with mesmerized couples. The "little flowers of the sidewalks" danced together until separated and claimed by swooping bands of unshaven, underfed clerks. An unpopular Senate laid down its quill, covered the ink-pot, and stepped around the corner to sip a glass of armagnac to the good God for this respite from the terror of an unpreoccupied constituency. The Minister of Finance alternately clasped and rubbed his hands examining two ledger sheets on his table; the decrease in the tax from exported manufactures and the soaring totals from taxes on wine poured down the dusted gullets of a million dancers. The revenues had risen. To a well-oiled undersecretary, who a moment before had pirouetted through an ante-room clasping the bear-like grace of a charwoman, he gave the order: "M'sieu, a requisition. Fourscore further bands. Not less than five pieces each. Locate them as your judgment commands. Also prepare an order for my signature: an extra seven sous on each liter retailed. Effective immediately. Fly. The fever may wane."

Contrarywise, the temperature rose. Morning after morning as the sun drew up above the poplar-lined gardens of chateaux and town mansions hoop-skirted ladies with huge feather fans waving against their flushed cheeks and tight-trousered gentlemen stepped out upon the flagged terraces beyond the crystal ballrooms to rest from their dancing and be silent perhaps for a moment. Gay students with their light o' loves sat hand in hand against the walls of their sleazy doggeries, looking askance at the dregs in the glasses, and exploring again the nooks and crannies of familiar pockets for the possible price of a virgin bottle. Heigho! Each square had a fountain and water was wet to the throat. Dancing is free. Come! Dance!

Of course it was at this hour that Anna Slazak yawned on her straw bed, stepped into her wooden shoes, and took her sleepy self across the dewy court to tend the cattle.

And over across the Channel the sober and virtuous *Times* of London City moaned its complaint through the chill fog. No words from Paris save maniac words concerning the polka. The market reports were shirked beyond usefulness. How was it possible for a Manchester merchant to regulate his looms to the proper balance of an economic production. . . . Of a sudden the all-wool shirt and drawers of British modesty were pierced by the wind from over the water. The polka was upon them. The *Times* shuddered for their purity and for British business. In a short while the *Times* shuddered alone. Its circulation was stepping to a new music. The *Illustrated London News* of May 11, 1844, reported the first polka danced at Almack's. The reporter sloughed off all heart-throbs and concomitant ecstasies and laid the naked corpse of the dance before the readers:

> Polka is a "danse à deux." It is a noiseless dance. There is no stamping of heels or toes or kicking the legs at sharp angles forward. This may be well enough at the threshold of a Bohemian tavern, but it is inadmissible into the salons of London and Paris. The polka as danced in Paris and now adopted by us is elegant, graceful, and fascinating in the extreme.

The popularity of the polka rolled along. The leisurely homes of Washington Square and Gramercy Park were filled with crinolines, lavendar trousers, and the polka. In 1850 Georgetown, Virginia, permitted but two things on New Year's day. And the other was egg-nog.

This story could have been one of contrasts, but that would have been too obvious. It is pleasant, however, to make guesses about Anna Slazak. Did she marry? Did she have twins? Did she ever hear the far-flung results of her dance? Could she picture the princes and countesses, the pickpockets and milliners who made holiday from her love of life?

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These United States—XXV*

TEXAS: The Big Southwestern Specimen

By GEORGE CLIFTON EDWARDS

TEXAS, it should be observed by a native anxious to begin on the right note, is great. It is great in size. As it shows on the map it is as large as New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois, Ohio, and Wisconsin, all in one. It is larger than France; larger than Germany; and, in products, more abundant. We produce more cotton than any other State; more oil, both cotton-seed and Standard; more cattle and sweet potatoes; more peanuts and mules; more brass-bound Democrats and Democratic office-holders; more Ku Klux Klansmen, killings, and lynchings. We sent to the Baltimore Convention a group of shock troops that came away shouting that they won the nomination for Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Wilson must have believed this, for he allowed Texas to contribute to our country's welfare the slave-driving Burleson, who used the post office to abolish freedom of the press; T. W. Gregory, who developed a spy system vaster than the Czar's; and Colonel House, who abolished secrecy in diplomacy. But size and raw products are not our only grounds for complacency. We are proud of our history: and we boast of our business.

Our career "Under Six Flags," French, Spanish, Mexican, Republic of Texas, Confederate, Union; the heroism of our pioneers: Houston, Crockett, Bowie; the massacre at the Alamo, the victory at San Jacinto—these are topics our schoolbooks and our orators glow about. Texas is now fully within the American industrial machine; but we had vivid and varied experiences getting there.

This history left some marks. It left us with a tendency to act first, and later to think, if ever; and it left us with a scant regard for human life when feelings are stirred. Of the early French there are few traces. Spanish influence has not been obliterated, however. Thousands of Mexicans have remained, unchanged and unassimilated. Texas law contains many Spanish survivals, particularly concerning land, the family, and the rights of married women. Franciscan missions, combinations of fort and church, the Alamo, San Fernando, Concepcion, and San José, still stand, relics of Spanish architectural grace and of Spanish devotion to the Indians whose souls the friars sought to save. Physically this vast State is far from uniform. In the southeast, about Beaumont, are forests, swamps, and rice fields; and in Democratic war days, shipyards. It is low, moist, warm, and busy. About San Angelo it is bare, high and dry and drowsy, except, as it seems to a visitor, for the evidences of the fight against tuberculosis at the State Sanatorium, where the principles Trudeau developed at Saranac are admirably carried out in this more genial climate. Water is all the Angelo country needs. Where they can irrigate, they manufacture garden truck at will. To the south, in the lower Rio Grande valley, it never freezes, and irrigation produces even more bountifully, with oranges and grape fruit. Half a thousand miles northwest and four thousand feet higher, the Panhandle country knows winters piercingly cold, with northers, the ranchers say, straight from the Pole, broken only by barbed-wire fences. Sometimes it snows in the Panhandle as late as May; but the May snows quickly vanish and in a few days the plains are an endless exquisite green. On the eastern side of the State are dense pine forests. On the western edge, near El Paso, the Guggenheims operate one of their largest smelters, and the United States holds its army crouched for the spring on Mexican oil fields.

But these extremes do not express the spirit of present-day Texas as does the middle: the cities to which the rich "black waxy" land counties and the oil counties are tributary, where the population is dense, the tenant farms numerous, the banks powerful and interlocked. Here are no arid plains, no wind-swept plateaus, no forests, rice fields, no cowboys. The rich little city of Waco has one twenty-story skyscraper sticking up like a totem pole among the Baptists. Houston has more skyscrapers; Dallas more and higher; all modern machine made, as much like the north as may be; crammed with offices, bankers, lawyers, oil men, "realtors"—effective Texas of today. For landscape and Old World atmosphere, history and heroes do not occupy our thoughts much. The substantial characteristics of Texas are suggested not by the flower glowing prairies under gorgeous skies or the mellow Spanish missions, but by the ubiquitous oil tanks and the electric power lines.

To be sure, the masses of Texans are not business men and do not make much money; they are hardworking people, and just get along; they do not starve, and rarely suffer from cold—except in the winter. Few farmers make anything above a living unless by some rise in land values; farm laborers live as wretchedly as tenant farmers, who are not much better off than serfs. But we are easily taken in by the business men and the newspapers. The larger our city, the larger our capacity for being fooled: cities are the habitat of the corporations and their lawyers, pleasant, facile sophists, with all the ancient and modern skill in making the worse appear the better part. In Dallas, for example, from the time it first became a paying field for franchise-holders, every city government has been dominated by business and the public-service interests. Some administrations have been more eager than others, but all, without exception, have served the interests primarily.

The telephone company has just hired off the bench the chief justice of the Supreme Court of Texas. The man who was lately supposed to exercise, for the people, the highest impartiality in deciding fundamental law questions, is now running hither and yon, before courts, city governments, and commissions, for the telephone monopoly and against the people. The president of the most powerful street railway in Texas, a system owned by absentee capitalists, is a former mayor of Dallas, a lawyer with no knowledge of railways but with a commanding ability to fool the people by his pose as a good citizen of the home town. This man was, with possibly one exception, the most subservient mayor the interests have ever had, and they have had them all. In 1918 the mayor, specially elected by the street railway company, and the commissioners, allowed the street railway company to add to its capital account an item of $100,000 expended by the company in "promoting the fran-

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chise." Which, being interpreted, meant in electing that mayor and getting for nothing a franchise worth millions. Dallas is paying and will continue to pay dividends on this $100,000, spent not to buy cars or to lay tracks, but to debauch an election. This is one reason for the six-cent fare in Dallas, established during war prices as an emergency and continued now after deflation as graft. Against this domination of the city by the utilities there is scarcely any citizen's protest, and no newspaper protest whatever. The rewarding, after the fact, of men chosen to serve the people who instead served the corporations is regarded as good business. Modern Texas considers it the proper thing for such officials to be on the make, so long as they pay virtue the proper tribute of canting talk and are "good men."

In State politics the situation is the same. Politicians and business men tell us, and we swallow, huge and solemn lies. In 1919 a start was made toward a minimum-wage law for women and minors. It had some teeth. As soon as the employers found this out they had it repealed, which the legislature did on the ground that it was impracticable "without doing serious injury to the female and minor employees"! Our child-labor law, city home-rule law, and workmen's compensation law, viewed from the theoretical purpose of the laws, are about as bona fide as the anti-trust law: which last is as much a joke in its ultimate effectiveness as the Sherman law. Once the Standard Oil Company was fined a million dollars, which we, the consumers, paid, and was driven from the State, but after walking through dry places for a while, it came back with seven, or more, other spirits, and we are now worse off than before. We have an "Open Port Law," so named because it was designed, it was said, to keep "open" the port of Galveston. The day before election our young Baptist Governor would not use it, seeking union votes. He got them, and the day after election, it was put into effect to break the railroad strike at Denison four hundred miles from any port. He estimated rightly our capacity for being fooled.

With the modern business spirit, the killing industry has changed somewhat. Rarely do we now have a killing like that in which an early Dallas mayor and a brother lawyer were looking for each other in the court-house. They drew on sight, but the lawyer drew first. The death of Brann, the "Iconoclast," our Waco literary light, was old fashioned. He had quarreled with the Baptists—and many others—and a fellow-citizen shot him, mortally, from behind; but Brann braced himself against a telephone pole, turned, and killed his killer. This is not the modern style. It is not business-like and involves some risk.

The best preventive against conviction in a Texas murder case is money. The best trial defenses are the "unwritten law" and the "hip-pocket move," both, generally, based on pretense and perjury. The "unwritten law" is large and liberal as the all-embracing air of rumor. It is, as it works out, that any person who can allege that a man has committed adultery with, or insulted, or "talked about" a female relative (marriage, blood, or step), can kill that man on sight, shooting from front, side, or back, without word or warning. Recently a young man was accused of having had a sexual adventure with a young woman. The father of the young woman and her stepfather, that is, the present husband of her mother, got the young man into a hotel room, by himself, unarmed, and killed him, shooting him nine times. These killers were, for a long time, not indicted; it was doubtful whether they would ever be indicted; and it will be a waste of time to try them in a Ku Klux court, now that they are indicted. After the preliminary hearing on bonds, the Ku Klux lawyer stated that he was greatly surprised that the prosecuting attorney would not agree to a low bond for "these Christian men." Yet no one should get the notion that the men of Texas are Miltonic in the practice of chastity. They are much as other men; but it is the custom of the country to talk as did that Ku Klux lawyer.

The Texas "hip-pocket move" is pleaded against a person who after death by shooting is shown to have had nothing in his hip-pocket. It is quite distinct from the effort to draw a weapon, a movement where the person killed has a gun. Three recent Texas cases typical of the "hip-pocket move" reveal a man killed with a cigar in his mouth; one standing talking at a wall telephone; another, sitting at his desk, with a fountain pen in his hand.

The open-shop movement in Texas is active; and it exhibits the frauds we are gulled by, in purest form. In theory, the open shoppers are animated by devotion to abstract justice and make no distinction between union and non-union men, loving them equally. In practice, the open shop means the scab shop. Its most liberal supporters are those corporations, in particular the utility corporations, that as a matter of principle fire every employee who joins a union. Yet day after day, in letters, speeches, circulars, and newspapers, the statement is repeated that the open shop is not fighting the unions. Every one of its speakers, and every informed man, knows this is a brazen falsehood, but the open shoppers know our Texas public. They know it is not informed and that it loves the process of being fooled.

Morality—the compulsion upon others of the ideas of the old men of the various religious groups—we talk a great deal about; but we have little interest in scientific, or indeed in any sort of knowledge, from books, unless immediately merchantable. We are not hostile after a matter has become a commonplace of the newspapers and the *Saturday Evening Post*, which we buy by the ton. Before it has been thus diluted and denatured, we will have none of it. It is hard to believe that a large, rich, technically and mechanically efficient newspaper can fill its editorial page, eight long columns, 365 days a year without indicating somewhere in it that sometime some editor has read a book. But the Dallas *News*, our greatest Texas daily, achieves this. About the only book ever named is the Revised Statutes, and the only one ever reflected is "Science and Health," this reflection appearing every Sunday in a column of editorial bathos. Sometimes the hostility to a new idea is quite frank. The editor of another Texas daily printed a characteristically violent attack on the Plumb Plan. Shortly afterward, in his office, he kindly hunted up a little book on the Plumb Plan to give me. "No," he said genially, "I haven't read it and I don't want to. I can lambaste it better if I don't." At the top of this paper's editorial column, the editor prints a classic quotation from the well-known Mr. Bartlett; and he has thereby a great popular reputation as a reading man. Just equally interested in books is the Dallas Scripps paper, our representative of liberal thought; but it is strong for morals. It modestly admits in 12-point black on the front page, editorially, that it is "run on the Golden Rule." And few laugh in its face.

The most prominent and "eloquent" preachers in Texas expound doctrines as primitive as those of the Salem witch hangers. They are as certain as Bryan and Billy Sunday that there is nothing to evolution save a slander on human-

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ity: they call it "monkeyism." They believe in and teach the actual physical resurrection of the body, and the actual physical flame and burning of hell. Toward which well-deserved fate, of course, freethinkers and Unitarians are moving directly. The preachers are vastly patriotic. They still talk about "Hunnishness" and about the "war for democracy," though it must be admitted that they do not claim now that the war ended war. In the cities the preachers are apt to be good business men. The active young Episcopal bishop of Dallas was one of the organizing committee from the Chamber of Commerce, to establish the open shop. The most lurid of our Texas Baptists is generally believed to have set fire to his own church as an advertising stunt. This man is very successful in Texas.

It is a matter of pride to us in Texas that our early statesmen, preoccupied as they were with the violence and the difficulties of their times, did plan for a good educational system. The public schools and the State University were bountifully endowed with gifts of land; but these have not been well managed. Our country schools are poor, and the teachers miserably paid. In the cities the schools are far better, and the teachers fairly well paid; but it is made clear to them that they are to stick in the rut, must not be too much interested in learning or books, and shall be strictly conventional if they desire to get on. City school boards repeatedly refuse to "reelect" [the teachers hold by one-year tenure and are "reported on" regularly] teachers who show any signs of thinking and speaking independently. What is wanted in schools and colleges is the industrious type that will not do or say, or be caught thinking, anything except what is approved by those factory directors, the trustees. Some men have been let out of the University of Texas for matters of opinion purely; but mostly this censorship intimidates in advance. Teachers very frankly admit that they cannot teach what they think or follow to conclusion lines of thought constantly reached in classes. They either decline to speak or they evade issues: their jobs depend on it. The Damoclean sword of "investigation" hangs over all, save the machine-minded and the time-servers. A Texas legislator recently charged that the University was teaching Socialism, and cited the catalogue, where in plain black print it was set out that there were classes in and teachers of *Sociology*. Rice Institute, a millionaire-endowed college at Houston, discharged a teacher for his opinions, expressed outside of the college, in reference to justice to the Bolsheviki. Baylor University, a large and rich college, but Baptist, "investigated" and discharged a teacher who wrote a very conventional textbook on sociology that aroused the Baptist ministerial hatred of science and evolution.

The Southern Methodist University at Dallas was established to take the place of Vanderbilt University, which had fallen from grace and its Methodist swaddling bands. Dr. John A. Rice, one of the teachers, published a book on the Old Testament. There was nothing startling in the book unless one excepts some of his personal testimony on the extremes to which Southern Methodist literal belief can go. But as soon as the echoes of this book (the book itself they would not read) reached the Methodist preachers of the State they went after Dr. Rice's scalp. And there was no lack of frankness. He was fired for cause, and the cause stated. An incident showing the connection between business and intolerance in the schools developed shortly thereafter. In one of the student publications a writer took a fling at the president, charging him with "playing politics" in the Rice case. The president called a meeting of the students, demanded the passage of a resolution stating that the article was false, and made this argument: "There are three men who have put in their wills big endowments to the university who will withdraw these endowments if the student body does not support the faculty in this matter." Plainly the president regarded his action toward Dr. Rice, if not politics, at least good business. The resolution was passed. The three endowments are safe. The president has since been made a bishop.

The intolerance that depresses our schools and intimidates the teachers exists nearly everywhere. The lunch clubs defend all existing means of exploitation, boost public utility schemes, afford publicity to attacks on unions and strikers, entirely refusing to hear the other side. One club denounced the Plumb Plan at a time when most of the lunchers thought it a new method for fruit raisers. The only speech that I ever heard in Dallas openly advocating violence was at a lunch club. At a Rotary Club luncheon a very rich and prominent corporation lawyer advocated summary shooting for all I.W.W.'s, agitators, and soreheads against the government generally, the method of identification not being specified or regarded as important.

But there are no I.W.W.'s in Texas. The unions are pure and simple after Gompers's own heart. The labor leaders are conventional, generally ignorant of the labor movement outside of their personal experience in their own craft. Often the leader is subject to purchase or pressure because there is neither idealism nor principle in his equipment. His office means to him merely a steady job to collect at least the full wage scale assured by keeping in line a majority of his local or council. The labor press is venal, paid for in advertising. Dallas is the head of the open-shop movement in Texas; and the Dallas official labor paper carries constantly large well-paying advertisements from the utility interests that are the brain, backbone, and treasury of the open shop. Though this is the frankest sort of bribery, resentment by the simple union men is lacking.

The unions last year, however, under the leadership of the Farm Labor Union, joined a nonpartisan political conference, and tried in the Democratic Party to emulate North Dakota's success in the Republican. The farmer-labor nominee was not successful in the primary, but more union men than ever before voted for a man they themselves, with the farmers, had selected. There is hope in this showing, even though the platform and the candidate both evaded the Ku Klux issue and the use of troops and rangers against the strikers. What political progressive activity there is in Texas has its origin among the farmers, for the union men are befooled by the daily papers and hoodwinked by the Gompers type of labor leader.

All of our present-day characteristics—our fondness for being fooled, our intolerance, our hatred, our preference for violent action, our prejudices against the Negro—have flowered in the Ku Klux Klan. Dallas, the city most thoroughly dominated by the utility interests, is the Klan stronghold. There is no complete record available to "aliens" of its achievements; but no less than sixty mobbing episodes took place in Dallas before the anti-Klan elements began to organize last spring. A Negro, with his back lashed and his forehead branded K. K. K. with acid, was thrust into the Adolphus, the showy, leading hotel of Dallas. Then we learned that before we had waked, at a special election in the preceding summer, the Ku Klux had elected a State Senator. Other mobbings took place, of Negroes and whites,

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and finally a reputable business man was taken from his home, dragged from the presence of his daughters, one of whom was knocked down by the chivalrous knights, taken to the river bottom and terribly beaten. Not once did police or sheriff find any of the mobbers. The only two men arrested charged with offenses were police officers, and both were promptly acquitted. The Dallas sheriff and the Dallas city police commissioner are leaders in the Klan. At the great Dallas Ku Klux parade the electric company kindly cut off all the downtown lights and let the masked men march in their desired darkness.

The Ku Klux Klan came into Texas with a selling organization that beats the instalment furniture collectors in effective personal work. Its paid organizers made money as the snowball grew. They took in the small church people who wanted to vent their virtue on others. The head of the Dallas Klan now is a Christian preacher, an oil speculator, and an Elk. The most wholesale approval of the Ku Klux was expressed in a Dallas speech by the men whom the Methodists have just elected head of the church in North Texas. While he made a little lip protestation of belief in law and order, he promptly added that "not one person had been attacked by the Ku Klux who had not got what he deserved." The very officials, police, sheriff, judges, prosecutors, who are charged with responsibility for law enforcement, were solicited and with few exceptions taken in. A newspaper man, friendly to, if not a member of, the Klan told me in answer to my question about the men guilty of one flogging: "Why it's the police. But they can't prove it on them. They ought to have killed the damn Jew." "It's a fine grandstand play the mayor is making over that Jew, ain't it?" I heard one plain-clothes officer say to another. "It's all bluff. He's one of them himself." This is the Dallas feeling about the Ku Klux, the church, and the officials.

The women of the churches were not taken in directly, but effectively annexed in a capacity that the "alien" world thought a joke when it was first announced—namely as "rumor spreaders," who charged opposition candidates and officials with being Catholics, or having Catholic wives, or with being about to be Catholics. True to our Texas practice, the dentist Evans, now the Imperial Wizard, announced that the "Klan is not a political organization." This buncombe was carried on by Earle B. Mayfield who was on the Ku Klux ticket last election, but refused to answer any question about it or to discuss it "because it was not an issue." Not until he had won the nomination for the United States Senate did he admit that he had been a member; then he asserted that he had resigned, but he continued to attend the Klan meetings. This combination of officials, fanatics, preachers, and politicians has finally gone into partnership with the great utility corporations. The campaign manager of the Klan in Dallas was the law partner of the ex-mayor of Dallas who is the president of the Dallas street railway company. This union of fanaticism and finance has swept Dallas and the State.

The Governor, the House of Representatives certainly, and the Senate probably, most of the trial judges, sheriffs, and the police—practically all are Klansmen in membership or in spirit. In Dallas the entire county government, prosecuting attorney, sheriff, judges, all the clerical officers, were elected by the Klan. Now they are openly planning to take possession of the city government, get the offices for themselves, and furnish the electric interests with an enthusiastically, not a grudgingly, subservient administration. They will probably be successful. The electric interests are powerful and will take much other business along with them in their raid on the city hall. They will, however, probably soft pedal the mobbing industry in Dallas. In fact this has already been done. There has not been a case of mobbing in Dallas since the fight on the Klan began last May: the leaders have been too intent on offices to let the mobbers act. The more hopeful of us think that as the Klan gets better known and its connection with the utilities is exposed, it will lose some of its power. This is not likely to happen in the smaller towns. There the mob spirit and the church fanaticism will bear bloodier fruit. Catholic priests have been, and will be, taken out and whipped for "pro-Germanism" at this late day. One woman was mobbed, beaten, her hair cut off, and brought back to the little town half naked. There is no measure that can be given of the cruelty this movement has brought to bear on the Negroes. The Ku Klux has, of course, simply exaggerated the feeling that is common in the South and in Texas. Here men will discuss the weather, a lawsuit, a grocery bill, or a building scheme and use their best intellect; let them touch the Negro question and they are no longer dominated by their thinking—they become a mass of feeling and flaming prejudice. And this is truest of those who are themselves almost as poor and wretched as the Negro, economically. And while thousands do not believe in any sort of mob law, do not desire to oppress the Negro, and realize that religious intolerance is a pure curse, they are not in an effective majority now.

The regulation question in Texas as elsewhere in the United States, addressed to one not properly commendatory of the herd's ways, is "Why don't you go back to where you came from if you don't like it here?" My answer satisfies me at least. I was born in Dallas, and I am not a workingman or a farmer. The Texas climate is good and the utilities do not yet own it. It is true that we have a difficult social situation, but few other States are in a position to throw stones at us. Little as can be said for Texas justice, it has no Mooney case, nor such anti-thought laws as California. We cannot match Ludlow; nor the Chicago riots and East St. Louis riots; nor the cold infamy of the mine owners of West Virginia; and if we have no Socialist legislators, we have not thrown any out as has New York. Our school intolerance is due to ignorance and is not crystallized into Lusk laws. While we have the worst case of the Ku Klux, Georgia invented it. Texas lynches, mutilates, and burns Negroes; but, except for this, the Ku Klux year, other Southern States rank ahead of us in this pastime—they have more Negroes to lynch. Still, the mass of Texans, in varying degrees, are suffering and will suffer from the reactionary Democratic Party, oppression of the Negro, corporation domination, church fanaticism, and the perfect embodiment of them all, the Ku Klux Klan, just as the whole South suffered from slavery. These things are a denial of civilization, and a lover of civilization cannot be comfortable here. Why any workingman or farmer, or any person who expects to live by honest toil, should come to Texas, or, if he is foot-loose, should stay here, is hard to see—except that there are few better places to go. Texas is not attractive to labor or to liberal thinking. It is a good State for exploiters to profit by credulity and fanaticism, by defrauding and oppressing the weak. But, after all, is it not really just the big Southwestern specimen of American capitalism?

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The Rural Credits Climax

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE following are the principal facts regarding the outcome of the great rural credits battle in Congress.

This outcome has two main sources. The first was the "deflation" policy of the Federal Reserve Board in 1920 and 1921. The second was the work of the War Finance Corporation in its gigantic loans of governmental money for agricultural purposes.

The "deflation" policy of the Federal Reserve Board made great numbers of farmers and ranchers believe that the Federal Reserve System—of private national banks headed by the Federal Reserve banks and the Federal Reserve Board—was not only inadequate to their needs but in a certain sense hostile to their interests.

Then came the work of the War Finance Corporation—a most beneficent work—which saved the financial situation for numberless banks in rural districts and for large numbers of agricultural cooperative marketing societies and accordingly for multitudes of farmers.

It happened that the head of the War Finance Corporation, Mr. Eugene Meyer, Jr., did not believe in permanent governmental rural credit banking. It happened, on the other hand, that Mr. Meyer's admirable management of the work of the War Finance Corporation gave the farm bloc a further argument and a further appetite for governmental rural credit banking. Mr. Meyer's ideas in favor of private credit facilities were countered by Mr. Meyer's accomplishments in the successful handling of public credit facilities.

Out of the conflict between Mr. Meyer's preference for private enterprise and the farm bloc's insistence on governmental beneficence there came finally the consolidated Capper-Lenroot-Strong Rural Credits Bill.

It falls accordingly into two parts. The first part has to do with the improving of our existing permanent standard credit structure. The second part has to do with the erecting of a new supplementary governmental credit structure.

The first part may be sub-divided into two quite separate legislative efforts. In the first place an effort is made to improve the Federal Reserve System as a system. "Agricultural paper" in Federal Reserve banks is given a discount period extended from six months to nine months. The paper of agricultural cooperative marketing societies is withdrawn from the category of commercial paper and is therefore granted the full agricultural nine-month discount period. Small banks in small towns are permitted to join the Federal Reserve System without immediately complying with all the requirements of the Federal Reserve System in the matter of amount of capital invested. A committee is appointed to consider the problem presented by the extraordinary number of banks which already are completely eligible to membership in the Federal Reserve System but which never have accepted membership.

In the second place an effort is made to establish new privately owned credit corporations which will be linked to private national banks and through them to the Federal Reserve System as now constituted. These new credit corporations are to be called "national agricultural credit corporations." They are empowered to lend money to individuals and to organizations on nine-month paper for the marketing of crops and for the fattening of cattle and on three-year paper for the breeding and raising of cattle. They are empowered also to issue bonds which they will sell to investors; but these bonds are not exempt from taxation.

This whole first part of the bill is a development of the idea of making one vast national pool of credit maintained by the resources of all classes and available to the needs of all classes, without any governmental gratuities whatsoever.

The second part of the bill is dedicated to governmental institutions of two connected sorts.

In the first place certain new arrangements are made for the naming of the directors of our already existing Federal land banks. Each of these banks hereafter is to have seven directors, three of whom are to be chosen by the borrowers of the bank, three of whom are to be appointed by our Federal Farm Loan Board, and the seventh of whom is to be appointed by the Federal Farm Loan Board from among persons nominated by the borrowers of the bank. The borrowers accordingly will have—in each case—a certain majority control.

Secondly, the new directorates thus organized are ordered to establish certain new banks—with governmental capital—to lend money for agricultural purposes on paper running from six months to three years.

These new banks are the outstanding novelty in the bill. They are to be called "Federal intermediate credit banks." They will enjoy the felicity of a dominantly private control while at the same time enjoying the equal—even if inconsistent—felicity of governmental capital and of a total exemption from all taxes for their issues of bonds.

It might seem to be a quite successful grasping of public resources for private control and benefit. However, above the "Federal intermediate credit banks," in a certain matter, will always stand the authority of the Federal Farm Loan Board. The discount rate to be charged by the "Federal intermediate credit banks" is to be fixed "with the approval of the Federal Farm Loan Board."

It would seem to follow that now we may some day have a double "deflation" of our farmers—one by the Federal Reserve Board and one by the Federal Farm Loan Board. In that case presumably a remedy will be sought by creating a third governmental body dealing with credit conditions.

Meanwhile the immediate prospect is that out of the experience gained by the "national agricultural credit corporations" on private capital, and out of the experience gained by the "Federal intermediate credit banks" on governmental capital, we may make a little progress toward learning whether it is better to have a large pool of ordinary private credit plus a smaller separate pool of special public credit or whether it is better, after all, to have one combined great reservoir of credit supported by the resources of all classes together and available to the needs of all classes equally under the one supervisory public authority called the Federal Reserve Board.

The next article in the series These United States, to appear in the issue of April 4, will be ARIZONA: LAND OF THE JOYOUS ADVENTURE, by Mary Austin.

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In the Driftway

IF the Drifter ever has enough time to give proper consideration to the matter he means to overhaul the calendar once more. He has about decided that the seasons are too long; there is no reason, for example, why so much winter weather should come in one place. If there were eight seasons instead of four, or if each of the four we now have were repeated once during the year then think how merrily we should get along. Winter would last approximately six weeks; enough for perhaps three good snowfalls—who would want more?—one "coldest spell in the history of the Weather Bureau," and the invention of two new kinds of apparatus for cleaning slush off the streets. After that one might begin to look for spring, and sure enough, there spring would be, plump in its place. Then when summer and autumn had appeared and vanished with the proper alacrity along would come another season of winter and the year only a little more than six months old. A neat process and one that should be supported heartily by the makers of calendars and seasonal clothing: young women, for example, could buy two straw hats to wear out in the snow instead of one; and young gentlemen could twice frighten their mothers into fits by wearing their spring overcoats too soon.

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OF course there may be persons eager to point out that we have some such system at present, except that instead of eight seasons in orderly and proper rotation we have eighty, tumbling helter-skelter over one another in a mad scramble to appear out of turn as often as possible. In the middle of March comes a day so sweet and bright and soft that persons stand for an hour in line waiting to ride on the top of a bus. After which a heavy snowfall ties up traffic for a week. There is certainly no discernible merit in this process; the Drifter would insist on a more orderly universe. Even at that, however, there is something grand in the gesture of Augustus who, disregarding order and precedent, snatched off a day from February, poor and thin already, because he could not bear to let his rival, Julius's, month have thirty-one days if his own had only thirty. As a result the lengths of the months had all to be changed and every little Roman child had to learn "Thirty days hath September," etc. It is more than likely that Augustus was also in charge of weather conditions.

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MANY liberties have been taken with the calendar besides the Augustan ones. Days have been added and taken away; the autumn solstice once found itself back in August and weeks had to be sacrificed to restore it to its place. Nevertheless the sun pursues his relentless way and the opponents of daylight-saving still argue that adding an hour of daylight is tampering with divine law, though it is obviously a complex divinity. How shocked these same persons must be when they recollect that the days of the week are named for pagan Anglo-Saxon versions of the names of pagan Roman deities, the French, by the way, having kept the Roman names with the exception of Sunday. And the sun and moon themselves, saluting one another from the edges of the sky, must smile at the pious ones who call days after them in commemoration of worship so scandalously ancient and un-Christian.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Texas Welcome

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If any of your readers should be contemplating a visit to Texas, it might be advantageous for them to know beforehand about the possibilities of public invitations which exist in this State. As the legislature is meeting at the present time, it is possible now to get official invitations to speak at the capitol. I may illustrate this by the citation of two such invitations issued last month by the House of Representatives.

The first case is one of a welcome given a famous man. It became known some weeks ago that Paderewski intended to visit Austin. Soon after the news arrived, Representative Roy C. Coffee sent to the Speaker's desk a resolution signed by many members extending a Texas welcome to "the great Russian ex-premier and famous baritone singer," and asking him to sing before them. This resolution was adopted without challenge and by a unanimous vote of the House of Representatives.

The second case illustrates the recognition given to scientific attainment. The Reverend Frank Norris, an "independent" Baptist minister of Dallas, had, not long ago, returned to this State after a trip North, in which he had had interviews with various notables, presumably including Mr. W. J. Bryan. It must also be explained that the legislature is now considering a bill to prohibit the teaching of evolution in the State-supported schools and university. So an invitation was issued by the House of Representatives to the Reverend Mr. Norris to appear before them and speak upon the subject. Mr. Norris, in an absorbing and impassioned address, demonstrated that the belief in evolution hails from Germany and is responsible for the crime wave, the increase in the number of divorces, and bolshevism, and that it is "the most damnable doctrine that has come out of the bottomless pit." As I write, the news is brought in that the anti-evolution bill defended by Norris has passed the second—the decisive—reading in the House, by a vote of 66 to 34.

There is no need to dwell here upon other kinds of invitations. There was, for instance, Shilladay. Some are invited in, and others out. But those who think of entering should remember that Southern hospitality is lavish with its varied welcomes.

Austin, Texas, February 20 M. J. H.

The Power of the Sword

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read your editorial, Wanted: A German Gandhi, with great interest. You are right. A Gandhi is needed, but as you say it will be hard to find a Gandhi in Germany. The belief in the power of the sword is too deep-rooted, more still since the peace of Versailles. There was a moment immediately after the collapse of 1918 when the Germans were ready to throw away their weapons and wished never again to hear of war. If the French had utilized that moment and shown themselves as *la généreuse France*, and had Wilson held firm, things would be very different here today. But French policy is spoiling all that was not already spoiled, and today the excitement is so great that people are already speaking of an early war with France. I do not believe that the masses want war; the talk of war comes rather from bourgeois groups, and if it did come to a choice I believe that a revolution would be more likely (and this time no such harmless revolution as before) than that the millions of workers should again let themselves be used as cannon-fodder. But the danger must not be underrated, however mad it sounds. A psychosis is quickly aroused; one can never tell; and desperate men are capable of anything. What the workers will finally do if the Ruhr is to be entirely under French administration is not yet certain.

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The Government has been applying in part your recipe for non-cooperation à la Gandhi. I think it was a mistake for the Government to intrude and to give an official order for non-cooperation to the civil servants. That should have come spontaneously; the Government thus gave the French new excuses for "sanctions." At first the Government only increased the excitement, which is very dangerous, for it is not easy to calm spirits once they are roused. It would be most disastrous if the Nationalists were able to turn this excitement to their own purposes; the Government has therefore been compelled to attempt a sort of pacification.

It seems to me that there are still relics of the old regime in the Foreign Office and that they affect the manner of expression of the replies and protests to Paris. They seek to sharpen the conflict. The semi-official and inspired telegrams and requests sent out from Berlin must be read with great caution, for the same old lying propaganda as in 1914 and during the war seems to be under way again. The same old psychological mistakes, the old underrating of the opponent and the exaggeration of one's own power, are being repeated. That is very dangerous. We know to what a tragic conclusion it brought us in the war. The Chancellor, like Hindenburg in his day, is talking of "carrying on," but "carrying on" should not be made an end in itself. The end is to resume negotiations.

People here are much disappointed in America. Does your Government not see that the United States cannot remain forever untouched by ruin and chaos in the center of Europe? This may not be the time to intervene; but it will soon be too late. The fear of a revived German people—apart from the imperialist design of a few individuals—is the driving force of the French policy. That could be utilized by giving the French a guaranty against attack. We will not attack them if they will leave us alone. The Germans want to work again and to build themselves up economically. The cry of revenge comes only from a minority but it may become general if this ill-treatment of Germany continues or if they attempt to divide her. The American policy of indifference to the fate of Europe helps only Lenin, Trotzky and Company.

Badenweiler, January 30 ALEXANDER HOHENLOHE

In La Follette's State

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Incredible Wisconsin! Can you imagine this in any other State? A bill introduced in the legislature to destroy militarism, root and branch. It repeals every vestige of legislation relating to the State national guard and the naval militia. "It's just a freak bill, introduced by a Socialist assemblyman named Polakowski," so said some of our newspapers. But no, the bill has been reported favorably by the assembly committee to which it was referred after two hearings which drew out big crowds.

Its passage by the Assembly is probable, but it may be killed in the Senate. Here is some of the backing which the bill has: The Woman's State Progressive Association indorsed it at its State convention; the State legislative labor conference indorsed it, and appointed a special committee to wait on the Governor, and urge him to use his influence in favor of its passage, and to sign it if passed.

At the hearing a representative of the adjutant-general's department appeared and asked that an adjournment be taken as the department had been unable to get anybody to speak in opposition to the measure. The adjournment was refused. The leading argument in favor of the bill was made by the Lieutenant-Governor, George F. Comings. He said this country is developing a militaristic class (just as Germany did) supported by those who make huge fortunes out of war.

Mrs. E. C. Hoebel, representing the Madison Woman's Progressive Association, said the churches could not be depended upon to stop war propaganda, for they [illegible]ate in war time."

Mr. Polakowski, the author of the bill, [illegible] from the La Follette Progressive platform passages [illegible]uncing war, militarism, and its huge expenses, and asked, if the platform meant what it said, [illegible]uld this bill not be passed? It will save over $600,000 e[illegible]ear which can well be used for the improvement of our rural schools.

One person only appeared in opposition to the bill—a woman representing the D. A. R. If this bill passes, what shall we do with our armories and all our military equipment? A sign in front of the National Guard Headquarters in Madison says: "Join the National Guard—$5, $10 per month, drill evenings once a week." Similar signs are coming down all over the State.

Madison, Wisconsin, February 17 CHESTER C. PLATT

A Story with a Moral

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the year of enlightenment one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two, in a distant and obscure village across the sea, a company of players was enacting a world-famed drama. Among the spectators was an American woman possessed of youth and beauty. She was inconspicuously dressed, but her fine face arrested general attention.

Two hundred years ago her Brazilian ancestors had come to America to take part in the upbuilding of a great nation. They were of the Jewish faith and, another two hundred years earlier, had been governors and rulers in Spain, helping to carry on the brightest civilization Europe had yet seen.

Familiar with the Old Testament and with the New she was responsive to many a chord that might have escaped a less cultured witness of that moving drama. And now, after a series of scenes which had strained the emotions of the spectators, Jesus was dying on the cross and she found herself in tears. The play over, she felt a desire to visit and talk with the gentle, peaceful man who had impersonated the Great Teacher. The next day, when she sought him, he was engaged in his daily work—"about his Father's business," they said. Whether it was due to the intensity of her own emotions or to the force of his vigorous acting she did not know, but she could plainly visualize the Shekinah emanating from his head. In his soft blue eyes she saw only the gentle Carpenter, the Prince of Peace.

As an American she had come to him to talk about the trials of his country. "And how is it all going to come out? What do you see in the future?" she asked.

"Well, I'll tell you, madam. It's the Jews. We must get rid of the Jews."

Three days later a school-child who overheard the story said: "Mother, now wasn't that a strange thing for Jesus to say?"

New York, February 28 EPHRAIM CROSS

Contributors to This Issue

GEORGE CLIFTON EDWARDS has lived all his life in Dallas, Texas. In a letter to the Editor of *The Nation* he says: "I was started out by my people to be a scholar and a gentleman: I became a Socialist and a lawyer. I have worked hard in the union and Socialist movements but have made few marks in the stiff clay of our Democratic community."

AARON DAVIS is a writer of articles, stories, and scenarios.

ELSIE MCCORMICK has been in China for two years as staff writer on the *China Press*.

ALEXANDER, PRINZ ZU HOHENLOHE-SCHILLINGSFÜRST, is a son of the former Imperial Chancellor.

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City Streets

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

This pavement and the sordid boast of stone
And brick that wins the pity of a sk...
Are only martyred symbols, made to buy
A dream of permanence for flesh and bone.
The jumbled, furtive anecdotes of lips
And limbs that bring their fever to this street,
They will subside to fragments of defeat
Within the cool republic where death trips.

This is an age where flesh desires to shape
Intense hyperboles in prose and verse,
Transforming city streets and country lanes
To backgrounds aiding physical escape.
But city streets are waiting to disperse
With ruins the fight and plight of earthly pains.

Books

Bertrand Russell on China

The Problem of China. By Bertrand Russell. The Century Company. $2.

BERTRAND RUSSELL went to China for a year's stay as a lecturer and teacher in philosophy. He has now given us the fruits of his thinking on China in a book of the very first significance. Thoroughly prepared for making an analysis and interpretation of the phenomena of social organization, he has shared with us an insight into Chinese civilization and the exceedingly complex forces now at work in the Far East. The wide variety of the questions treated is given unity by his gathering up of the many threads of discussion into one central problem. Can China hold her own against the political, economic, and cultural encroachments of the West long enough to enable her to make her own blend of the elements in her culture which are of permanent significance with certain values—mainly science—in Western civilization which she now lacks? The problem is therefore a dual one, on the one hand how to secure vital reconstruction from within, and on the other how to induce the dominating greedy West, including Japan, to keep hands off. If the West does not adopt a new attitude toward China he fears that in the very cause of preserving her independence and culture China may be forced into a course of militarism which would destroy the gifts within herself without which the nations of our Western world may go on to destroy one another.

In the opening chapter he broadly indicates this conception of China's problem, emphasizing that of the three groups of interrelated questions, political, economic, and cultural, his prime interest is in the last. He also makes it clear that in his opinion Chinese culture is in no way inferior and in many respects is superior to our own, thus beginning that incisive critique of the civilization of the West, as now organized, which serves as a foil to his appreciation and critique of Chinese civilization throughout the book. In chapters II to IV, by a study of Chinese history before the nineteenth century and China's relations with the Western Powers, while preparing us for an understanding of present conditions, he does a fine piece of work in bringing out the elements which have gone to make up the Chinese mind. In the fourth chapter on Modern China we have the book in miniature, as it were, a rapid illuminating survey of the political, economic, and intellectual movements highly to be recommended to anyone who seeks a clue for understanding current happenings in China. These aspects are further elaborated upon in the closing chapters of the book.

"For modern China," writes Russell, "the most important nation is Japan." He therefore turns in chapters V to X to a discussion of China's island neighbor. He first shows how Japan has made her individual blend of civilization by combining her ancient feudal loyalty, now consciously redirected toward the Mikado, with the science and militarism of the West. The result is a peculiarly consistent policy of empire extension which has placed Japan in the class of the great nations and has made her interests and spirit diametrically opposed to those of China. Russell then goes on in a fearless, circumstantial, documented account to lay bare the facts about Japan's high-handed dealings with China during the Great War and after. France and Britain too come in for scathing criticism in this connection. In comparing the foreign Powers in their treatment of China he states that Japan has been the worst, America the best. He points out, however, that our American idealism and the Open Door policy have fallen in line with our interests, which are purely commercial. Should our interests fall in a different line from our idealism, he sees no reason to believe that we would not follow our commercial interests at China's expense.

While Russell is very hard on Japan, at the same time he harbors no hate for her. He would look upon a war in which Japan would be crushed, say by America, as an utter calamity. For if Japan is prevented from retaining the status of a great Power "the colored races in general will suffer, and the tottering insolence of the white man be reestablished." The Japanese receive full credit for their success in adopting industrial methods without loss of the sense of beauty, and for their earnestness, hard work, and capacity for boundless sacrifice for an ideal. Russell would consider a uniting of Russian and Chinese interests as likely to prove very beneficial but he sees no future for bolshevism in China's civilization. What he would like to see would be, after the regaining of Shantung and Manchuria, that she be let alone. Yet the Four Power Treaty to him means an agreement to exploit China in combination, and since the "real governments are the men of capital," China's chances of being thus let alone are very small. On this account he conceives of the Shantung treaty as being only a temporary advantage to China. His ultimate solution for the problem would call for the change of the Western nations to socialism.

The last section of the book is given to a comparison of Chinese and Western civilization, a study of the Chinese character, and three short chapters on Higher Education, Industrialism, and the Outlook for China. With the return to the cultural theme, Russell is most brilliant. He boldly lifts the Chinese culture to peership with our own, laying bare with cutting satire the fallacies of our assumptions to superiority. He excels in the concrete way in which he indicates what the traits are which China has to contribute to world life. Instinctive happiness, quiet dignity, patience, the pacific temper, dependence on justice rather than force, and love of wisdom for its own sake, these are values which a world bent on mutual destruction through the application of science to war can ill afford to ignore, much less to destroy. On the other hand, Russell considers that practically all China needs from us is science. To support the hope that China may escape the perils of Western industrialism, and may bring forth a new and healthy political and social life, Russell pins his faith upon the virile young China which he has known. Intellectual leadership is present. Practical leadership for the tasks of education, social and economic construction he believes will also arise. Thus his final word is a declaration of faith in China's future.

The book abounds in clear analyses, illuminating observations, and pithy statement. With thorough grasp of his historical material and out of his exceptional opportunity for contact with the new national leaders in education and culture, he has made an interpretation of China full of sympathetic understanding, yet very discriminating. There is not a trace of racial or national prejudice. On the contrary he is exceedingly open-minded toward China. Unfortunately he has not the same lack of bias toward Christianity, and this is the main defect of the book. For this

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reason he assumes that China needs nothing from us but our method of science. He himself clearly shows the inability of the "family type" of morality, which is the foundation of Confucianism, to furnish the moral ideals and drive demanded by the newer public life. He can only appeal to patriotism as the force capable of producing integrity adequate to efficient government without which popular education and the control of the rapid development in industry must mark time. It would seem that China today also needs ethical and spiritual values from us, not necessarily to displace, but to supplement her own. His thrusts at the Y. M. C. A. and missions are very clever and undoubtedly will furnish a challenge to thought on the part of Christians interested in serving China. But they reveal little effort on his part to appreciate what Christian agencies are actually doing as allies of China's cause or to recognize the degree to which Chinese leadership is being given its place therein. In the same vein, Russell's treatment of Higher Education is so negative, in so far as it touches Christian institutions, as to be unfair. He gives no idea of the scope of the stronger colleges or of their contributions to Chinese life, as for example the large number of strong men who have gone from St. John's University into national life. Would it not be better when such great issues are in the balance to welcome all the forces which are doing fundamental service to China's people? One can forgive Russell to a degree because he is so zealous that the distinctively Chinese culture shall not be swamped by the inroads of purely Western ideas. On the other hand, a people who according to his own contention are uniquely interested in moral ideals ought to be given their chance at our best in morals and religion. They who possess the traits of mind upon which Russell has laid such true emphasis ought to be able to reveal to us aspects of the Christian ethic which have been glossed over by peoples characterized by a deep bent for mastery. But let there be free interchange of the best on both sides.

LYMAN V. CADY

Three Poets

Going-to-the-Sun. By Vachel Lindsay. D. Appleton and Company. $1.75.

The Tide Comes In. By Clement Wood. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

The Hundred and One Harlequins. By Sacheverell Sitwell. Boni and Liveright. $1.75.

MR. LINDSAY serves notice in the preface to his new book that "the verses are most incidental, merely to explain the pictures." The volume as a whole, he insists, is nothing more than a reply to Stephen Graham's "Tramping with a Poet [Mr. Lindsay] in the Rockies"—but, "directly considered, it is much more a reply to Vernon Hill, the artist, than to Stephen." Yet Mr. Lindsay is a famous poet, and the pictures seem to amount to very little. What of the poetry?

Open on a random page, and it is awful. It promises to justify those people who are saying that Mr. Lindsay has gone mad, or run dry. It is puerile shouting, stupid syncopation, metaphor strained to the fainting-point. Begun at the beginning, however, the book is not bad. And if it is read through patiently, with the fact always in mind that the author was excited beyond expression by the mountains he visited, it is encouraging, even impressive.

We do not get poetry here so much as the promise of poetry. This is a volume between volumes, one that will explain the next one, perhaps, but in itself only a prelude, a trying of new strings. Mr. Lindsay climbed strange, high hills where the sun rose on him as never before. He bathed in the dew that makes a poet young again, and drops of that dew still are upon him. What he will write when he is rubbed warm and seated at his desk is a problem. Meanwhile he is aware of countless promptings to new thought, countless flights made possible to his fancy. He can be a rooster if he likes, as the sunrise in Glacier Park was a rooster.

"There is humor in the very biggest rooster,
But even more magnificence than fun.
I laugh because he acted like a rooster.
I am solemn because he was the biggest one.
I like a rooster or a turkey gobbler,
I like their forthright impudence at times.
They are neither larks, nor trilling nightingales,
And yet they always sing in splendid rhymes.
When I heard the vast bird of the sunrise crying,
The world held not one inch of silly prose.
The rooster is a flowerlike fowl,
And this one was a crimson Yankee rose."

For he has seen Johnny Appleseed again, and thrilled to an old idealism.

"He ate an apple, threw away the core.
Then turned and smiled and slackly let it fall
Into a crevice of the mountain wall.
In an instant there was an apple tree,
The roots split up the rocks beneath our feet,
And apples rolled down the green mountainside
And fairies popped from them, flying and free!"

Whatever he writes henceforth, or whether he writes at all, "Going-to-the-Sun" will remain a curious, important document in the history of a poet.

Mr. Wood prints a lyric Written on a Blank Check. The idea is attractive. It reminds of those times when poets were prodigal and scribbled on yew-trees, mile-stones, stained glass, or windows of inns—and kept copies. There is fun in all this, and Mr. Wood has had fun composing poetry. He is not surpassed among his contemporaries for gusto; no poet is surer to be interesting. His facility betrays him now and then. Undoubtedly the magazines have been too kind. He has not always filled his stanzas full; the rhythm romps away with a perfunctory last line. In one instance he has taken an extremely poetical fact from science (the behavior of the female mantis) and expanded it till the poetry is gone. But his Canopus is a rich and subtle narrative, and his Eagle Sonnets are beautiful, being the fruit of fine reflection *de rerum natura*. They are the answer of a poet to the question: How does the world look to one who knows that neither it nor he can last forever?

"I have been sure of three things all my life.
The first is that I am—a final one
That yields no room for doubt or windy strife—
More certain than the blazing of the sun.
The second, that I was—a fainter fact,
Broken by sudden blanks and curious lapses;
A shadow to each living thought and act,
Yet shadowed by a host of vague perhapses.

"The third and last of these, that I will be:
A moment leading to a lengthening span,
A fragment formed of continuity,
A child forever growing into man.
Three things are sure. . . . O you who grope for four,
Know, man is sure of three, and never more."

Sacheverell Sitwell, like his sister Edith, has worried a good many readers of poetry in England who have found him interesting but not clear. The present volume is more than interesting. It is fascinating. Yet it seldom is comprehensible for twenty lines running. What is to be said about such work? Very little, except that passages are frequent in it which seem to have strayed upon the page from some unearthly land of absolute poetry where unicorns are as common as apple-blossoms, and where every bright object under the sun follows a private law. Beyond any doubt Mr. Sitwell is a poet, but it would be rash to say how much of him will stand. Until time says it, if time is interested, readers will do well to keep this volume by, for it is witty and beautiful, and it may grow clearer.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Workers' Education

Workers Education in the United States. Report of Proceedings, Second National Conference on Workers Education in the United States. Workers Education Bureau. 50 cents.

WHAT is it that makes the usual college catalogue or annual so monumentally dull? It is not so much what it prints as what it does not print. After all there are two things which make life interesting: love and conflict; search the pages of a college catalogue and you will find no trace of either. There is disclosed only the complete agreement of a well-ordered monastery. Nothing could be more dull. It might be somewhat difficult to inject a love theme into a college catalogue; but surely there is plenty of conflict in every educational institution which is worth its salt. A few pages devoted merely to the transcript of a typical faculty meeting would ordinarily suffice to make the remaining pages readable.

It is the open expression of conflict that lifts the Workers Education Bureau Annual out of the college catalogue class. It is the best kind of conflict, too: the healthy disagreements between intelligent people who discuss what path they shall take to reach their common goal. The second report, like the first issued in 1921, is a human document. One by one the leaders in labor education step into the pages and have their say. There is not one of them whose heart is not set on the far horizon of the movement's possibilities. But each one contributes his own experience and his suggestions for direction, speed, and control.

Paul Blanshard, in charge of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Rochester education work, says: "I am a believer in the gospel of jazz. I think that most of our workers' education is in danger of being too dull." Stacy May, of Amherst College, who conducts classes jointly for the college and the Central Labor Unions of Springfield and Holyoke says in sarcastic vein: "If a large group could be induced to listen to lectures—decoyed by the dance which followed—we have been inclined to applaud, so impressed are we with the contagious magic of educational processes."

Algernon Lee of the Rand School says: "Subjects like economics have seemed to have less pulling power than in the past years." Freda Miller of the Philadelphia Trade Union College says: "Interest among our registrants has been more and more in economics."

"We hope to be an educational institution and not a sect or an 'ism' propaganda," says James H. Maurer, the Bureau's chairman. "But please, why not?" asks J. B. Salutsky, educational director of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. "What are the people on the other side doing? Do they give you what you call neutral, impartial education?"

Then, underlying the whole report, is the conflict between labor radicals and labor conservatives for control of the Workers Education Bureau itself. The austere presence at the convention of Mr. Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor; Matthew Woll, chairman of the Federation's Committee on Education; and other A. F. of L. leaders and certain plans they proposed led Mr. Salutsky of the Amalgamated to exclaim amid laughter, at an executive session: "Now, let us assume that Brother Woll is going to swallow all of us."

The promising feature about these conflicts is that they all seem to have been resolved into a single purpose to continue the Bureau and develop the labor education movement. After all it was a considerable achievement in itself that is recorded, prosaically enough, in the minutes of an executive session:

"The Chairman: I am inclined to believe that if the chairman of the Resolutions Committee (H. W. L. Dana) and Brother Woll (Matthew Woll) would get together they might come to some agreement.

"Delegate Woll: I would be glad to meet the chairman.

"Delegates Woll and Dana then left the hall to discuss the matter."

When Messrs. Woll and Dana, representing ultimate theories diverging widely to the Right and Left, can meet in a friendly way and actually agree on a program that meets the requirements of the practical present, there is hope indeed—not only for the Workers Education Bureau but for the labor movement as a whole.

In the last analysis there is a considerable thrill in agreement if there has been an honest conflict to set it off as worth while. The thrill is heightened if the agreement gives greater effectiveness to a movement so vital to the future of the country as this labor education.

EVANS CLARK

A Decentralized Commonwealth

The Threefold Commonwealth. By Rudolph Steiner. The Threefold Commonwealth Publishing Association. 1922. $2.

THIS is a study of the author's conception of an improved commonwealth, arrived at by dividing it into the three divisions, an economic system, a political state, and a spiritual or mental system based upon the natural endowments of the individual. The book is said to have wide vogue on the Continent; and there is an obvious reason for this. There is a cumbersome persuasiveness, a heavy-footed plausibility, upon the surface of the work. To a continent worn beyond our imagining with the fact of class dissensions, and cloven at a sharp angle to this with unleashed primitive individual wills uncoated of their civilized veneer, to lands plagued with an insomniac fear of epidemic socialism or communism—to such a bedeviled continent any philosophy that comes with a promise of leaving shreds of capitalism is manna to the hungry and nectar to those athirst. It is not yet time for America to demand its soporific syrup.

In bull-headed dragging cerebration, the author first decries those who treat of the body social by attributing an actual connection growing out of analogies drawn from the physical or physiological fields; and then, with all deference to his denial of the same trait, he argues from the threefold division of the human body into the brain system, the rhythmic (blood and respiration) system, and the metabolic process, that there must inevitably be a threefold division of the social commonwealth. It is quite unproven that the division need be threefold: it might be twofold, fourfold, a hundred fold, if such were its nature. Rather than add conjectures to his, let us look at his own division.

He desires of the first, the economic system of society, as of the others, a practical isolation, which will be blent of its own nature into an immaterial unity, just as brain, heart, and stomach are three and yet one. Capitalism is to survive in some nebulous form, in which capital may be used only by actual creators of economic profit; although he allows interest, denying at the same time compound interest—as if there were any ethical or philosophical difference between these! Some sort of inheritance tax, greatly extended, would prevent accumulations of capital from falling into the hands of non-users—somewhat on the idea of the mortality of copyrights. The chief utility of Marx, in his indication of the essential unfairness of individual profit from the investment of capital in human labor power, Steiner sidesteps. His thinking in differentiating between the economic system and the political state, and between it and the spiritual system, is cautious and often illuminating; but there is a constant overtone that the book grew out of the need of finding some idea, and buttressing it as well as might be, which would postpone what the author regarded as the inevitable collapse of the present economic organization. Those who disagree here will find the book unnecessary; most of those who agree here will find the book wanting. It is less analysis or sound cure than a muddy salve. The odor of the book is suspiciously similar to the scent of the red herring.

CLEMENT WOOD

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Woman: Gardener and Pioneer

Robin Hood's Barn: The Confession of a Garden Adventurer. By Margaret Emerson Bailey. With drawings by Whitman Bailey. George H. Doran Company. $2.

A Homesteader's Portfolio. By Alice Day Pratt. The Macmillan Company. $2.

THERE is the pleasure that lies in a book for its own sake and there is also the interest that attaches to it for its likenesses and its dissimilarities when in juxtaposition with another tale of related genre. Comparisons may be odious if instituted for purposes of condemnatory proceedings, but when indulged in by way of a mild counterpart of Keats's experiment of washing down cayenne with the delicious coldness of claret, the practice may afford enjoyment.

The adventure Miss Bailey leads us into is not that of strange horizons and startling discoveries, but rather the squeezing of known experiences to find new joys in common things and the gloating over "possessions . . . rich by reason of familiarity and the habit of past years." "The miracle" she wonders at "is sameness and not novelty." Intimacy with country flora and fauna is pleasurably revealed in an easily flowing style by a poet's vocabulary and rhythmic utterance. The humor is rich, the sentiment of a vigorous sort, the philosophy happy and tolerant. The outdoor life depicted is not that of the wide-open spaces, but of the pocket-size garden within commuting distance of the cities, and half the charm lies in the fact that, although one knows that just over there it is Monday and the city and the office, nevertheless here it is the week-end and the country and happy dallying with flower friends.

"A Homesteader's Portfolio," however, whisks us clear away from nature cultivated to nature primitive, to the very real struggle of a woman who dared to face the rigors of an Oregon winter with no companion save a dog and no shelter but a tent, facing at the same time the still colder unneighborliness of the Old Oregonian who felt that "the only way to deal with them homesteaders is to starve 'em out." Though the literary excellence of Miss Pratt's narrative falls short of Miss Bailey's in the point of sustained interest and smoothness and is guilty of worrisome changes of person and even of tense, one admires the strong personality that threw off a desiccating spinsterhood in the schoolroom to wed the soil and play foster-mother to white leghorn chickens and Jersey calves and new-born colts. The epic of the "lone-hand crop"—twenty-five tons of hay, from the plowing of the land and the hauling of the seed to the last folding away of the last straw—is one of which many a woman might be proud and no man ashamed to be the author.

It is interesting to note that both writers, perhaps by reason of the heard chants of sun, sky, soil, and wind, were moved to versify. A few short poems are scattered throughout both volumes, none arresting, several not guiltless in point of technique, but revealing documents of their author's spirit of wholesome contentment on the one hand and brave vigor on the other.

HELEN BUCKLER

Travelers

Across America by Motorcycle. By C. K. Shepherd. Longmans, Green and Company. $4.

Atolls of the Sun. By Frederick O'Brien. Century Company. $5.

From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon. By J. A. Zahm. D. Appleton Company. $5.

POST-WAR hysteria takes on many forms. It may manifest itself by an increase in crimes of violence or through the censorship of movies and birth-control literature. But here is the solitary example of an Englishman working off his hate by taking a motorcycle trip across our continent. He naturally begins by throwing some choice mud at our roads (quite justified), our customs, and our what not. It seems that our national face would be all mud-streaked were it not for the fact that his way runs through the Grand Canyon and the Petrified Forest of Arizona. Here—we must admit that some Englishmen have a sense of beauty—he is dumfounded. It doesn't seem right that Americans should have such sights. But being strictly honest and also not very bright he closes his book rather shakily, undecided whether to knock our roads or praise our scenic displays.

Mr. O'Brien on the other hand has no such difficulty. Being the official propaganda manufacturer of the South Sea Islands, all he needs is the necessary writing paraphernalia and the words "Blue Lagoon" to go into transports and exclamation points. Granted that the above two words are very pretty and evoke picturesque images, it is still to be desired that somebody write a book about those enchanting islands not filled with sticky mush and saccharine.

It is useless to attempt to review a travel book as filled with quotations from the Bible, the Koran, and others as that of the Rev. Mr. Zahm. It is much more profitable to go to the sources themselves.

NATHAN ASCH

Scraps

Essays at Large. By Solomon Eagle. George H. Doran Company. $2.

Books Reviewed. By J. C. Squire. George H. Doran Company. $2.

THE most interesting thing about Solomon Eagle, who is Mr. J. C. Squire, editor of that solemn periodical, the London *Mercury*, is his nerve. Indeed, there is a certain charming simplicity in the dreadful seriousness with which he takes himself, his poems, his so-called essays, his book reviews, his every inconsequential thought.

"It suddenly occurred to me that I was an author, an author of books," he tells us in one of his papers, "an author whose works have to some extent penetrated the educated population." And again, in his essay on Quotations: "I have been known to spend half the morning reading the calendar. . . . I always read the 'Thought of the Day' in the *Westminster Gazette*. . . . I have, in fact, a passion for scraps." These two volumes are sufficient evidence of that.

To be sure these are only stray quotations, but taking Mr. Squire's "Essays at Large" as a unit, they make up a very sorry, insufficient excuse for a book. They are not essays in form or content unless, perhaps, any piece of prose that is not fiction be an essay; they lack the tonic shock of the true literary feuilleton. One feels in them merely the well-bred gentleman who has delved widely in a multitude of books (most of them English, of course) and by dint of much labor has come to be considered and, therefore, considers himself quite a voice in contemporary letters. The only *raison d'être* for papers such as these is that they reveal the richness, the profundity, the capriciousness of the personality behind them. And if, as in the case of "Essays at Large," they reveal no personality of unusual dimensions, then do they fall very flat indeed.

"Books Reviewed" is another matter. Here, at any rate, is a certain honesty of approach. Nine-tenths of the so-called essays written today are nothing more or less than book reviews, and you may or may not consider them sufficiently distinguished to lie between book covers. But the simplicity of Mr. Squire's title is disarming, even to the most prejudiced.

For we are prejudiced. We are tired of reading books about books, writings that put us still another remove away from reality. Only when a critic can pierce behind the mask of words and by a fresh creative effort of taste can give us some clear moment of insight into the author's spirit, can he be of service to us. Otherwise he has misjudged his profession. He should be a writer of publisher's blurbs or, better still, a maker of catalogues.

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Mr. Squire is an extremely bookish fellow. His reviews are stale with the musty smell of the editor's cubby-hole. His judgments are of an even temper, sane, mildly interesting. But his pen is not trenchant; he is rarely stimulating, and never startlingly brilliant. It is all in the day's work with him, one feels. And any way, who cares for Mr. Squire's judgments? It is not judgments we want, but the man writing and the man written about. Let their works speak for them.

EDWIN SEAVER

Art

The Significance of the Fine Arts

THE ten essays on art with the above title are published "by authority of the American Institute of Architects," and are intended for the layman. "The works of the fine arts," the Introduction tells us, "are man's everyday companions, and it is in truth essential, if we are to appreciate and profit by God's blessings in nature and the best and finest works of man, that every member of the community should have some definite knowledge and appreciation of the fine arts."

With the spirit of this language, if not with its expression, there can be no possible disagreement, for the essential quality of art, however we may define the word, is of a nature to lift the mind and refresh the heart. Its experience produces, as if by magic, an enhancement of the self, giving it a sense of freedom which is delightful in its enjoyment. Under its spell, it is as if we had received, not a new "dispensation," but a release from all restrictions, a smiling acquiescence, as it were, to indulge the wayward impulse moving us. This, probably, is what is meant when it is deemed essential that we should "appreciate and profit by God's blessings." For, surely, it is a blessing to realize our unity with our fellow men in the common experience of joy which a work of art gives us; to be at play with ourselves and with each other in this delivering up of ourselves to the moment's magic. And there is, perhaps, a profit also for us so to forget ourselves, though it may not be calculable by the arithmetic of the market-place. We do not live by bread alone, we have been told, and there have lived men who, possessed of two loaves of bread, have found it profitable to sell one and buy a flower with the proceeds. To them, it may be, the beauty and the perfume of the flower fed a hunger which the bread alone could not satisfy. They felt a longing for something that was not in the scheme of things, for something that was not on the carefully planned menus of our philosophies, our literature, and our social systems. They were of those natural children who cry for the moon when they are given green cheese. We all of us feel the same longing at times, and we have found, strange to say, that art satisfies us as nothing else does. Perhaps this is the significance of art?

That the American Institute of Architects should have undertaken to make this significance clear to the public understanding seemed to us an enterprise deserving of the highest praise. It argued for it a consciousness of its proper place in the community which lifted it far above those academic institutions which, instead of serving art, serve only themselves. It was, therefore, with eager expectation that we opened this book bearing so inviting a promise on its title-page. But, alas, we have been sadly disappointed once more. The promise, so far from being fulfilled, seems as if it had not been in the minds of the ten experts selected by the Institute's committee to explain the significance of art as it is manifested in their several branches of its expression. Only in an Epilogue of three pages, and even then seemingly as an *arrière pensée*, is it directly dealt with. All the chapters of this work, with, perhaps, the single exception of Mr. Van Buren Magonigle's essay on The Renaissance, have been written in exact conformity with the attitude of the academic exponent and professional expert. They are perfect examples of pedagogic exposition, couched in technical language, far removed from the "public understanding" to which they are addressed, and charged with the authoritative spirit of the pundit. It would be difficult to find a single misstatement of fact, or to point out the slightest deviation from the standardized opinion of reputed historians and archaeologists in any part of this most respectable collaboration. Mr. Howard Walker's essay on Classical Architecture is all that sound knowledge and a careful consultation of the recognized authorities could make it. Mr. Ralph Cram's excellent little monograph on the Architecture of the Middle Ages is crammed with his erudition and exhales his practical experience as an architect. It would, however, be a strenuous task for the layman, for whom he is writing, to understand his exposition of the Character of Gothic. Mr. Lorado Taft's short study of Sculpture and Mr. Bryan Burroughs's summary of Painting, though they leave much to be desired as literary compositions, are instructive, the latter being even suggestive. But in all these essays one looks in vain for anything approaching an estimate of the significance of art.

In the Epilogue, however, entitled Significance of Art Mr. Howard Walker attempts to supply this want. With a warmth of feeling that speaks well for his enthusiasm he descants on art as "the crowning glory of the visible world." "Art," he says, "is man's creation, and his message down the ages, a lambent message that all may read, portraying the records of his life, his labor to express, his elemental conceptions and his dawning ideals, and finally his achievements, serene, indisputable, and inspiring. . . . A great work of art is a culmination; a harmony of the treasures of nature transformed by the alembic of man's inspiration into the ultimate expression of his ideals . . . the student of art sees visions. . . . Art guides us to the heights . . . and erects for us a standard, an oriflamme before us, which we follow to distinguished achievement."

We listen with due reverence to these dithyrambs of the schoolmaster in his exalted hour, and we are almost assured of the significance of art. Yet, when we retire to the quiet of reflection, we find ourself again asking questions. Is art the crowning glory of the visible world? Or is it not, perhaps, a freakish exercise by which we forget the visible world? Is a great work of art a culmination? Is it not, perhaps, the possibility for an experience which has no other purpose than the experience itself? Does the student of art see visions? Or is it not, perhaps, that the joy he feels through art is a revelation of life which he never dreamed of in his standardized existence of obedience to duty and necessity? What is the desirable beauty that art presents to us? Is it tangible flesh and form, or is it "the light that never was on sea or land"? To what heights does art guide us? What are the standard and oriflamme that it erects for us? Is it not, perhaps, that in our experience of art our spirits are so liberated that we are reckless of where we go or what we do; that we can be as erratic, as illogical, and as wayward as we feel, because it is giving us the time of our lives? But, is there, indeed, any significance of art? Is there any, of what we call, "sense" to art? Apart from what we intellectually ascribe to a great work of art is there any "meaning" to art? Do we not rather apprehend than comprehend it? It is true, we walk solemnly and dutifully through our galleries of art and museums, but once in a while we hear the music of a magic flute, and suddenly, before we realize the exhibition we are making of ourselves, we are dancing with the fauns and nymphs. When we come to our senses again we feel like the lame boy who had been left behind and could no more hear the piping of the Pied Piper. "It's dull in our town since my playmates left," we say. We can't forget what the Piper promised us of the joyous land

> "Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew
> And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
> And everything was strange and new."

And so we find ourselves outside our museums, limping as before, and still looking for the piper who promised to show us the Land of Delight.

TEMPLE SCOTT

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Drama

Native Plays

THEY often come late in the season, these American plays. Some appear at special afternoon performances. The author's friends pay for the production. Such plays are invariably bad—futile, wordy, unimportantly eccentric. When all is said and done, we must look for things to be taken seriously to those who take them so, whether as a matter of business or a matter of art. If we do this we are left with two plays: the Harvard prize play, "You and I," by Philip Barry, and the Equity play, "Roger Bloomer," by John Howard Lawson. I need not, I suppose, explain the omission of "Humoresque." Miss Laurette Taylor acts superbly. For Miss Fannie Hurst's hysteria and slush there are no words.

The Harvard prize play at the Belmont Theater is—a prize play. It sits gently on the fence. It wants to be art and is determined to make money. It is to be serious and also to silence the imputation that the academic cannot be the practical. It is the voice—one of the voices—of the contemporary American university. The voice cries in the market-place: "You *can* serve God and Mammon." Nonsense. To believe that is to be more unpractical than the recluse chasing obscure etymologies. He, at least, is after the attainable. "You and I" starts with an idea that is both important and dramatic. In youth come art and love. A man's economic condition will not let him have both. Under the great glamor he chooses love and goes into business. What does life make of that choice? Mr. Barry could have made his play tragic or grimly comic or, measuring fundamental values profoundly against each other, written of resignation and sun-set blessedness. Instead he crackles like a melodramatist; he makes hideously ridiculous things happen; the machines buzz; the gods pirouette out—presto: a happy ending, a reconciliation of the forces which, by his premise, were irreconcilable, a denying out of existence of the conflict without which his play disappears.

Largely because on the opening night the elaborate scenery did not function smoothly and because certain passages were over-written the reviewers of the daily press performed a can-can of derision over "Roger Bloomer." It was inexcusable. Definite and simple things are to be said against the play. It is crude in many passages; its passionateness becomes inchoateness; it is somewhat derivative from a group of German expressionistic plays, primarily from Walter Hasenclever's "Der Sohn." But there is in it all for the want of which the average first play, even the average first good play by an American author, seems so dreary and so sterile. There is youth in it and passion and rebellion and irony and observation and the color of dreams. There is astonishment in the face of life and woe at its inadequacy and a desire to dig deep to the roots or soar high to the peaks of ecstasy. Clarity and ecstasy are the criteria of this seeker and dreamer, not efficiency or prosperity or rubber-stamped happiness. The lawn, the Buick, and the business are not enough. Honesty and a balance in the bank are not enough. The church and the school are not enough. So Roger and Louise flee on different paths from Iowa to New York. So far all is genuine and beautiful and a passionate and poetic interpretation of what happens daily. New York is seen in a somewhat phantasmagoric fashion. It is seen through the eyes of an expressionist who hates Berlin. Or perhaps it is I who have lost a sense of the hardness and perversity of New York. The critic is forced to measure an author's experience by his own. Who shall say which experience is the truer to that which is? What can be asserted is that in these later scenes Mr. Lawson loses himself amid symbols that are often obscure and sometimes labored. Yet what I heard at every moment was the cry for a cleaner and more passionate world, a world less cluttered and corrupted by law and greed and irrational isolation, a world in which men and women can tread the path of their salvation unafraid. In how many American books or plays can such a cry be heard? What is imperfection, what is an occasional childishness of execution compared to that? The neat, correct, and dead is praised. "Roger Bloomer" is derided. But every healthy movement in creative literature begins with "storm and stress," contains its elements of "storm and stress," its wildness and overwrought passion and excess. So the young Marlowe began, so the young Goethe. I am not comparing Mr. Lawson to these. I am pointing a gentle moral for the edification of certain friends and colleagues.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Trimming the Dragon with Red

By ELSIE McCORMICK

A FEW months ago a workmen's committee representing labor unions throughout China appeared before the Parliament in Peking and formally requested that certain labor legislation be written into the constitution. The principal points covered by the laws they demanded were the eight-hour day, the right to strike, the abolition of night work for women and children, the right of organization, forty-two consecutive hours of rest a week, and the establishment of a maternity benefit, covering eight weeks before confinement and eight weeks after.

This small, inconspicuous group of workingmen who traveled to Peking to put the grievances of their fellows before the Chinese Parliament is of more significance in the recent history of China than all the mad artillery barkings of Messrs. Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin. Not that anything very definite came of their mission. They were received politely, there was the usual amount of tea-drinking, their demands were ceremoniously filed in a pigeon-hole, and they returned to their native cities to talk about the future of the labor movement and the architectural grandeurs of Peking. Yet that was the first time that all the unions of China joined in any enterprise. It was the first time that a group of workingmen passed under the yellow gates of the Forbidden City to present grievances to the central Government. It was the first time that the workers became, as a whole, articulate; that they drew up a well-thought-out program to express the demands of their class. Furthermore, the delegation was not composed of young intellectuals thinly disguised by a temporary job. It was made up of bona fide workmen, most of whom had never seen more of a school-building than its outside wall.

The labor movement in China is growing so rapidly and is of such portent that it is certain to have a considerable influence on economic history. Being such an immense thing, it is observed and understood least well by those nearest to it. Most of the foreigners in China become conscious of it only at times when, as during the Hongkong general strike of last spring, they are obliged to cook their own dinners or when a sudden dissatisfaction on the part of ricksha men obliges them to walk home in the rain. During the rest of the time, a coolie is a mere worm of the earth, indispensable but not really human. It never occurs to the average foreigner that under the battered coolie hats there are long, long thoughts that might some day do rude things to the even tenor of life in the Far East.

All over China the working-classes are organizing. In contrast to the history of union development in America the unskilled masses are unionizing almost as rapidly as the artisans. Furthermore, the Chinese labor movement is free from much of the craft snobbery that has characterized union history in the United States. On many of the railroad lines, for instance, the employees, from conductor to freight-yard coolie, are joined together in one big union, which is possible of accomplishment only when the higher paid workers are willing to associate on equal terms with those on a lower level.

So perfectly organized were the workers of Hongkong that when the seamen asked for the support of a sympathy strike, guests at the hotels found themselves sweeping corridors and washing dishes, the social elect of the colony trudged up the steep grade to the Peak while their sedan chairs stood idle by the gate, high government officials stood in humble queues before the doors of a German bakery, and ladies of wealthy families were violently introduced to their own kitchens. Hongkong is still smarting from the punishment administered by the apparently downtrodden Chinese laborer and from the memory of the large concessions wrung from the colony by the Seamen's Union. The Hongkong walkout was perhaps the most successful general strike on record.

Meanwhile smaller strikes are matters of daily occurrence. The wheelbarrow coolies of a northern city struck, grotesquely enough, for a twelve-hour day—they were weary of fourteen hours' back-breaking toil behind the shafts of their heavy vehicles. In Shanghai the garbage coolies walked out. In Canton the patient sewing-amahs put down their needles and demanded a living wage. In Peking the school-teachers left their desks because the treasury, being in the perpetual condition of Mother Hubbard's pantry, was unable to give them their salaries on time. The frequency of strikes may be gauged from the fact that fifty-three were recently going on at one time in a single province.

One of the interesting features of the labor movement in China is the organization of the women. Women's unions, though fewer in number, are keeping pace with those of the men. Not long ago the Actresses' Union staged a spectacular strike in Canton, holding parades that were reminiscent of the theatrical walkout in New York over three years ago. Three thousand women recently left their spindles in a great cotton mill of Pootung to demand that their working time be reduced from fourteen to ten hours a day, and that the union be recognized. The strike resulted in a partial victory for the women, although their leaders were discharged from the factory.

Late in September those who have been watching economic developments in China were startled by the sudden turning of the crushed and dusty worms in the Pingshiang coal mines. Workers in the Yangtze Valley collieries have long been on the lowest rung of the industrial ladder. In one mine, for instance, the regular schedule was twenty-four hours' continual work and twenty-four hours' rest. The inhuman twenty-four-hour day was maintained because the employers, being of an economical turn of mind, preferred to minimize the use of steam-power cages that brought the men to the surface. According to the report of a Chinese Y. M. C. A. secretary, who visited the mine, the terrific strain of their working schedule had left the laborers in a state of mental dulness that bordered on idiocy. When they were hauled to the surface after their twenty-four-hour stint they sat near the mouth of the shaft and blinked at the sunlight, too apathetic to move to their huts.

Yet even the colliery men have come to the point of asserting themselves. In September the laborers in the Pingshiang mines walked out on strike. While employers fumed in angry astonishment and the mines began slowly to fill with water, the laborers drew up an ultimatum that was published broadcast throughout the Far East.

"Most of our workmen have an income of but twenty coppers a day," it declared. "With this, if we buy rice, we have nothing left for clothes. We have to be content either with hunger or nakedness. Every day we work in dark holes like animals, and are subject to frequent floggings. We cannot stand this inhuman treatment any longer. We want to live like men."

Their statement was followed by a list of seventeen demands, including double pay beginning with the new year, systematic promotion, union recognition, an appropriation of $10,000 for a clubhouse, payment of wages during sick-leave, and the prohibition of flogging. These demands were circulated in an appeal to the general public, the statement declaring that their employers could meet every one of the seventeen items at a cost no greater than the amount they spent for personal pleasures and for wine and cigars.

Pleading for time on account of the length of the list, the mine-owners have succeeded in postponing permanent settlement. The laborers, however, having learned their power, are not likely to content themselves long with a makeshift agreement, and the stolid patience with which they once did their body-breaking work will serve them equally well in enduring the

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privations of another strike. Owners of mines in China have become decidedly uneasy.

The fact that Chinese laborers have advanced beyond the stage of looking at their problems from a personal angle to definite class-consciousness is shown by the deputation to Peking and the excellent solidarity displayed in sympathy strikes. While the Seamen's Union was defying the entire government in Hongkong, unions in Canton and Shanghai were collecting assessments for the strikers. When one considers how literally the average Chinese applies the maxim about charity beginning at home the significance of these contributions is apparent.

Floods of literature from Russia, translated into Chinese, have had their part in the industrial education of the laborer. Much of it has been distributed and explained by a large group of radical college students, for the high percentage of illiteracy prevents the average Chinese workingman from being reached directly by the printed page. It is astonishing, nevertheless, how well-informed many of them are. M. T. Tchou, an investigator of Chinese industrial problems, reported that even unskilled workers in remote cities questioned him eagerly about the action of the Washington Conference on the eight-hour day.

Employers are meeting the advancing tide of the labor movement in various ways. A few, like the owners of the Shanghai *Commercial Press*, have organized extensive welfare work, including free medical attention, the maintenance of a social club, primary schools for employees' children, a saving department, and evening classes in English and other subjects. The same firm grants a liberal maternity allowance, gives rice subsidies during periods of high prices, assists in paying funeral expenses, grants one day's extra pay a month to those whose attendance records are perfect, pays a yearly bonus in proportion to each person's service, and grants pensions to those who have been in the firm's employ a suitably long period. C. C. Nieh, cotton magnate of Shanghai, is another example of an employer who takes almost paternalistic care of his workers.

The greater number of employers, however, have been frightened by the labor movement into forming counter-organizations. Practically every Chinese city now has its chamber of commerce, an association which stands as fervently for the open shop as ever did its counterparts in the United States. Gone are the days when all workers and employers held memberships in the same guilds, took part in the same idol processions, and knew no strikes except those called to express political dissatisfaction. The guilds that remain are social in character, conservative in tone, and of ever-dwindling importance. The workers' center of gravity has shifted to the labor union.

Just what trend the labor movement will take in the future is, to employers, a subject of uneasy conjecture. One branch of it, typified by the Mutual Aid Society of Canton, is avowedly red. It comes out definitely for Marxism, devotes itself to propaganda by means of lectures and a daily newspaper, and looks forward to a revolution. The Mutual Aid Society claims the loyalty of forty-six unions and a membership of 50,000. A far larger proportion of the unions, however, have faith in the value of petitioning governments and in other comparatively peaceful means of adjustment. Just what their attitude will be if they weary eventually of the pigeon-holes is yet another question.

Many foreigners in China scoff at even the remotest possibility of an industrial upheaval. China, they point out, is an agricultural rather than an industrial country. Its factories are concentrated only in a few cities, and the workers are sadly handicapped by the almost universal illiteracy.

This is all quite true, of course. But the same, it happened, was true of Russia.

In the International Relations Section for March 28
The Next Five Years of the Red Army
By Leon Trotzky

"Criminal Syndicalism" in Japan

SEVERAL times the Japanese Government has attempted to pass bills specifically aimed at the destruction of "dangerous thought" and all manifestations of radicalism. In April, 1922, such a measure, opposed by practically the entire Japanese press, was defeated in the Diet. This constituted an amazing victory for public opinion; but the Government, undismayed, has prepared a new bill "for the control of extreme social movements," which it plans to introduce at the first possible moment. We print below two interesting documents, published by the Workers and Socialists Joint Committee of Japan, showing that this measure will not pass without opposition and some degree of publicity for its objectionable features.

Manifesto

The bureaucratic Government of Japan, now conscious of its impending downfall, seems to be determined to suppress all freedom of thought, of speech, and of assembly, and thus to maintain itself a little longer.

With such an object in view, it is going to introduce in the coming Diet the so-called "bill for the control of extreme social movements."

We, the Workers and Socialists Joint Committee of Japan, consider the passage of such a repressive act as the challenge of the reactionary Government to all kinds of progressive movements, particularly the proletarian movement for its own liberation.

We declare, therefore, that we accept the challenge, for we are ready to test our strength against the tottering old regime; and hereby we call upon all labor unions, professional unions, and all radical and liberal elements in Japan to unite in our grand effort to smash the last hope of the last autocratic tyranny on the earth.

May our coming fight be not only successful in itself, but also be the beginning of our last victorious struggle against the barbarous autocracy which is blocking our every step toward the liberation of the toiling masses!

The Workers and Socialists Joint Committee of Japan
N. Sato, Chairman

Appeal

Comrades, fellow-workers, and friends in other lands:

The autocratic Government of Japan will introduce the so-called "bill for the control of extreme social movements" in the coming Diet, which will open in January.

This repressive bill was brought forward by the Government in the last session of the Diet, was passed by the upper house in a revised form, but later was withdrawn in face of strong opposition in the lower house as well as from the progressive public at large.

Since then, however, the Government has been preparing with diligence for the passage of the bill in the coming Diet, by buying over the bourgeois newspaper editors, by terrifying the innocent members of the Diet with framed-up "Communist plots," etc.

The text of the new bill is kept in strict secrecy as yet, but we know this much, that it is essentially the same as the original but for certain provisos limiting the scope of its application, so that the public at large, particularly the liberal elements who opposed the bill before, will feel themselves safe and indifferent to its danger. But such is the customary bureaucratic trick, which every true observer of social movements knows.

The original bill is as follows:

"1. Persons who disturb or attempt to disturb the constitutional order by means of anarchistic or communistic propaganda, etc., shall be subject to hard labor or confinement of not more than seven years. Persons who advise others to commit

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the above-stated crime, and also persons who accept the advice, shall be equally subject to the above-mentioned punishments.

"2. Persons who associate, assemble, or join in mass movement, with the object of performing or of inciting the crime mentioned in the first clause of paragraph 1, shall be subject to hard labor or confinement of not more than ten years.

"3. Persons who incite or attempt to incite others to change the fundamental social order by means of mob action, by force, by intimidation, or by any other illegal conduct, shall be subject to hard labor or confinement of not more than five years.

"4. Persons who furnish others with money or goods to let them commit the crimes enumerated in the three preceding paragraphs, or assist them in any other way, and persons who receive intentionally the above-mentioned money, goods, or any other assistance, shall be subject to the punishments severally stated in the preceding paragraphs.

"5. Persons who commit the crimes stated in the four preceding paragraphs, but who surrender themselves to the authorities before detection, shall be rewarded with commutation or remission.

"6. This act shall also be applicable to persons who commit the crimes stated in paragraphs 1 to 4, though outside the jurisdiction."

Comrades and friends, the appearance of such a tyrannical law will certainly be a menace to every progressive movement, though its originator insists that it is aimed at the "extremists" only. In Japan, where there is no jury system, and where trials are conducted in secrecy under the least pretext, who can tell whether such an elastic law be justly applied by the servants of autocracy? It is nothing but a bomb placed in the hands of the blind.

The present Japanese Government, which is bureaucratic, militaristic, and even feudalistic, as is well known to the world, regards all progressive popular movements, whether they be political, industrial, educational, or just literary, as inimical to its interests, and suppresses them relentlessly. It "shadows" all the known radicals and curtails their personal liberty and means of livelihood to make their lives unbearable. Its customs officers are instructed to bar all "red literature" from abroad. Its post offices have lists of the names of the "dangerous elements," and the private letters with those names on are opened or confiscated. Even telephone messages between radicals are not safe from tapping by the police agents. It sends provocators and spies into labor organizations and radical groups. It has its "Black Hundred" and is secretly inciting the lawless elements against Socialists and labor leaders. Only recently Comrade T. Sakai, a veteran of the Socialist movement in Japan, has been stabbed by one of them in his sick bed.

And yet the Government seems to feel uneasy before the rising tide of the mass awakening, and to have decided to resort to a coup d'etat in the hope of crushing the popular movement once and for all. The passage of the new repressive law is but a preparatory step to the coming coup d'etat. With the passage of the bill, the Government is looking for all the big "fish in one net." It is, in reality, a bold challenge of the reactionary Government to us, the Socialists and class-conscious workers of Japan.

We accept the challege, for there is no way out for us but to fight all oppression to the finish. Meek submission means death to us and to our movement, and "we have nothing to lose but our chains" in fighting, anyway.

Then, we are conscious of not being solitary in our struggle. You, the Socialists and class-conscious workers in other countries, are fighting or have fought the very same fight, we know, and we are sure of your sympathy and cooperation in our coming battle. We know that when we fight against tyranny and oppression here in Japan we are simply holding a section of the great universal battle-front of the class war. Therefore, we know that your fight is ours and ours is yours.

With such an understanding we now call on you to come to our help, for our front is threatened. We want you (1) To protest against the new repressive bill through your organs or whatever publications you consider proper; (2) to protest at the Japanese embassies, either sending written protests or in form of mass demonstrations; (3) to strike at the Japanese bourgeois and government interests in your localities, by boycotting Japanese goods, etc.

Such and similar expressions of the international solidarity of the toiling masses, if carried with firmness, will certainly make the tottering old regime in Japan totter still more, and will, perhaps, force it to retreat.

Down with oppression and tyranny!

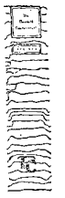
On to the international proletarian victory!

The Workers and Socialists Joint Committee of Japan

N. SATO, Chairman

Tokio, December 18, 1922

France is to discuss a "Third (economic) House"



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